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MR. CHURCHILL'S APPLAUSE

NOTHING that was said in Parliament on Wednesday persuades us to modify our considered opinion that there is only one solution for the problem presented by the atomic bomb. Unless the Great Powers consent to surrender their sovereign right to possess offensive weapons, and agree to place exclusively in the hands of an International Authority all the means of military aggression, the bomb, sooner or later, will be used in war between nations. And, in its use, civilisation will perish utterly: humanity will sink back into the atomic slime.

That this solution is difficult of attainment we do not dispute. It is asking much of the United States to demand the cession to an untried World Authority of a power whose possession (so Mr. Truman argues) spells an American century of justice and prosperity. A favourable reaction by Russia to the idea of a Super-State is also unlikely. The key-note of Mr. Molotov's speech on the anniversary of the October Revolution was that the U.S.S.R., disclaiming any idea of joining in an armaments race with her late Allies, is nevertheless determined not to lag behind in the development of atomic science, and is as suspicious as ever of any *rapprochement* between Western European States.

But does it follow from this inauspicious background that the British Government must abandon all attempts to mobilise world opinion in favour of the one sane solution? Mr. Churchill, believing that, in peace as in war, British principles are the price which must be paid for American backing, would say "Yes." In his speech in the House he came near to endorsing the argument propounded by Lord Russell that morning in the *Manchester Guardian*. Let America hold the lead in manufacturing atomic bombs; let Britain make the bombs herself, or buy them from America; and let the lesser States (including Britain) ally themselves, under the ægis of the United States, to preserve peace by force. Against whom? Clearly the one potential antagonist—the U.S.S.R. This is a counsel of despair; even if a Labour Government in Britain were willing to accept the overlordship of America, this political pattern would be a fatal line-up of American satellites in an encirclement of the Soviet Union. Its culmination would be a Third World War.

Such a policy this country would repudiate. Yet, on Wednesday, the Premier was silent; and Mr. Bevin won Mr. Churchill's applause. True, the Foreign Secretary, smarting (as he clearly is) from recollections of Russian "awkwardness" at the London Conference, was at pains to disavow any desire to do anything in Eastern Europe "detrimental" to the U.S.S.R.; and he emphasised his wish to see an effective United Nations Organisation gradually built up. But he gave no support to the idea that its members should abate their sovereignty in the realm of armaments; and he spoke menacingly of Russia as wanting to "go right across the throat of the British Commonwealth." Praising Mr. Truman's "healthy declaration," he gave no sign of dissenting from the idea of an exclusive Anglo-American Entente, based on the proposition that the atomic bomb should be the Entente's secret until better international relations had been achieved.

These are the politics of international suicide. We had hoped that, before Mr. Attlee saw President Truman, the British Government would have given, as it could have done, a moral lead to the world by offering to abandon all its aggressive weapons in favour of a World Authority and by appealing to the United States and Russia to do likewise. If Mr. Bevin, talking in Palmerstonian terms of the "cheapness" with which the British Navy "policed the world," has said the last word, the future is dark. For the sake of Tory plaudits the Cabinet will have forfeited a great chance for creative statesmanship.

Tension and Delay in Palestine

The resort of the extremer Zionists to violence has brought reprisals on their kinsmen in Egypt and it has prejudiced their cause elsewhere. There was little bloodshed in Palestine; but the efficient sabotage, by cutting the Gaza-Haifa-Jerusalem railway in fifty places, was clearly the work of a formidable organisation. The mobs of students and others who attacked and looted the Jewish quarters of Cairo and Alexandria were bent chiefly on loot, and may have been as much anti-foreign as anti-Semitic. It should be borne in mind that the responsible Zionists have to-day a nearly impossible task in restraining the desperation of their young men, who armed themselves originally to defend their National Home, as Rommel approached it. They cannot understand the delay of half a year in opening the gates of Palestine to the survivors of Himmler's death-camps, who are still behind barbed wire. Their bitterness has been intensified by the long silence of the Labour Government, in spite of the Party's explicit pledges on the eve of the election to annul the White Paper and resume the immigration to which it had set a limit. If the extremer Zionists are committing a tragic folly, it is the indecision of the Colonial Office which has driven them to despair. It is bad news that Lord Gort, a popular governor, has had to quit his post in this crisis.

China's Civil War

Fighting on a big scale continues between the Chinese Communists and the armies of the Chungking Government; but it is not yet total Civil War, for intermittent negotiations are still proceeding on a pattern that has its precedents in Chinese history. The most anxious question is whether China's neighbours will be involved as seconds in the internal struggle. Charges of unneutral conduct are already made by both sides: (1) that the Russians are facilitating the occupation of Manchuria by Communist troops and arming them with Japanese weapons, and (2) that American troops have been aiding Chiang Kai-shek's armies. This latter accusation has been denied from Washington, but it seems to be a fact that the United States has undertaken to reorganise the land, sea and air forces of Chungking. Over 3,000 American instructors will be seconded for this purpose. This is grave news, because it appears to imply unconditional support for a quasi-dictatorial regime, before any solid basis has been reached either for peace with Yenan or for a genuine advance to democratic

government. In these conditions it amounts in effect to the backing of Chungking by America against Yenan. That is, as we see it, a disservice to the Chinese people, and it may have added a new complication to the tangle of Russo-American relations.

Brighter Prospects in Indonesia

The statement issued by the Netherlands Indies Government recognising "the legitimate aspirations of the Indonesians towards a national existence" reflects the pressure of public opinion in Holland and the stand taken by the Dutch Socialists both at home and in Batavia. It is a victory for the more progressive section of the Government supported by the Queen and led by Dr. Van Mook. It is a belated advance on any previous statement. But it is plainly inspired by pre-Pearl Harbour ideas and shows that the Dutch are still unwilling to face the realities of a politically conscious Cabinet in Indonesia of distinguished men, many of whom have a long record of service in the interests of their country, and of consistent anti-Imperialist agitation, both against the Japanese and against their earlier rulers. The policy outlined in the statement implies the continuation of Dutch tutelage; and Dr. Soekarno and his Foreign Minister have already stated that it is unacceptable to them. Faced with a repetition of the pledges made before and never fulfilled, they are now suggesting a Referendum under United Nations supervision to decide whether Indonesia should separate from Holland or not. They undoubtedly are suspicious of such suggestions as that of a round-table conference to discuss how they become partners of the Dutch—an offer qualified by the phrase, "decisions, however, will be taken by the constitutional authorities of the kingdom." Most important of all is the fact that the Central Government of Indonesia would still be dependent on the Dutch Second Chamber, which would have the last word. Yet the Dutch have moved a long way from their position of a few weeks ago when Dr. Soekarno and his fellow-Ministers were carelessly dismissed as collaborators and quislings.

Hungarian Elections

The Hungarian elections, to whose freedom and fairness testimony is paid in an article by Mr. John Haire, M.P., on a later page of this issue, have confirmed strikingly the trend disclosed by the municipal elections in Budapest. The Smallholders have won over 190 out of 315 seats; the Communists and Social-Democrats are each represented by slightly over 50 members; and the two smaller parties in the old Coalition—the National Peasants and the Democratic Citizens—have been reduced to mere fractions. On the figures shown, the Smallholders could have formed a government themselves, with an adequate working majority; but, though the pre-election manoeuvres (to which our correspondent refers in his article) are by no means easy to interpret, it seems safe to infer that Marshal Voroshilov assented to free elections on Western lines only on condition of a pledge by all parties to form a new Coalition after the polling. Hungary's problems are such that they can only be solved by a broadly based National Coalition; and this seems to have been readily recognised by Dr. Tildy, the Smallholders' leader.

Airways and Communications

The Government's decision to nationalise all British air services means, in effect, that geographically the organisation proposed by Lord Swinton stands, but that the shipping companies will not participate financially in the South American Line, nor the railway companies in the internal and Continental services. Instead, there will be three public corporations—B.O.A.C. and two kindred bodies, directed by boards enjoying, within the ambit of Government policy, considerable autonomy. With them the surface transport interests are asked to co-operate. Much clearly will depend on the quality of the management to which the development of publicly-owned civil aviation is thus to be entrusted; and, short of international ownership and operation, air lines are unlikely to be organised without friction, overlapping and waste. But in principle the exclusion of vested capitalist interests is sound and will be welcomed warmly in the Dominions. Their influence is visible in the Government's simultaneously announced plan to break up the Imperial communications network hitherto operated by Cables and Wireless and to transfer the undertaking in each part of the Commonwealth to public ownership. Both Australia and New Zealand have long been insistent that they should enjoy full sovereignty over communications in their own territory, and Cables and Wireless is in fact as anachronistic an institution as a privately owned central bank. Here, too, the fruits of the decision will depend largely on personnel and the ability of public corporations, self-governing in day-to-day administration, to combine enterprise with regard for the general interest.

Municipal Victories

The Municipal elections—held for the first time on a full franchise—have confirmed Labour's July victory. Labour has not only extended its control in the L.C.C. area and made considerable headway in Greater London, but has won power in many large provincial cities. In Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, Hull, and Southampton, among other centres, there are now clear Labour majorities; and Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle, Cardiff, Wolverhampton, and Exeter are some of the important cities which have returned Labour as the largest single party. Elsewhere there were big gains. It must be remembered that outside London the electorate was only able to vote for a section of the Council: as the remainder of the seats fall vacant, successes on any similar scale will produce Labour majorities in many other places. The voting shows that the Labour Party has not suffered any loss of popularity since the General Election, though, as usual with Municipal contests, the poll fell much below the General Election level. In certain areas, such as the Lancashire textile towns, progress has been made where Labour has previously had little influence in Municipal politics. For the first time there are quite a few Councils which have virtually a hundred per cent. Labour representation. In such cases, Labour should remember that an overwhelming mandate does not indicate lack of public concern, and that the absence of opposition spokesmen should not be an excuse for any lack of vitality. At Stepney, for instance, the success of the Communist list may be partly traced to local dissatisfaction with the record of a Labour Council without effective opposition. If the Councils on which Labour now has, or will in a year or so secure, majorities are to meet the social problems which now press upon them, they must learn that the link that has been forged with Whitehall is neither a coupling nor a fetter.

After the Dock Strike

The dock strike is over; but the issues which gave rise to it remain unsettled. The negotiators who met on Tuesday to discuss the official Trade Union claims were still without any guidance about the Government's general policy on wages and working hours, beyond the knowledge that Mr. Dalton is pledged to do his best to hold the basic cost of living steady, by continuing and, if necessary, increasing the subsidies on food. On the question of working hours there is no official policy at all—or, at any rate, none has been disclosed—but how can wages be settled except in relation to a standard working week? The other issue which has been left in the air by the calling-off of the strike is the internal issue between the Transport and General Workers' Union and its dock members. The unoffi organisation is threatening to renew the str unless it gets within a month a settlement t it likes; and no one can be sure that it will not able to do this, whatever the official Union leade may say. There is obviously so much dissat faction within the T. and G.W.U. as to call for careful consideration of its machinery. T dockers, once its leading section, are now more than a small fraction of its huge and ve miscellaneous membership; and there are su gestions that it would be more effective meeting its members' needs if it were split u A strong case can, indeed, be made for a gene sorting out, including both the T. and G.W. and its rival, the General and Municipal Worke and resulting in the establishment of a separ Transport Workers' Union. Certainly an i mediate and helpful step would be a reorgani tion of the dockers section of the T. and G.W. similar to that which took place in the bus secti This would promote greater internal d mocracy.

Business or Politics?

The more we hear of the negotiations Washington the less we like the sound of the There is much stress on the American side th the terms offered to Great Britain are to regarded purely in the light of a "busine arrangement"; but the plain fact is that the elaborate negotiations are necessary at all o because the basis for a pure "business arrang ment" does not exist. If it were only a questi of Great Britain borrowing a few million dolla now, in order to deal with a temporary upset the balance of the Exchequer, with every prospe of being able to repay in a few years' time, would not be necessary to bring in the Americ Congress at all; for there would be plenty American financial institutions quite ready extend the accommodation required. The ve reason for the negotiations is that the British ha to face *both* a temporary want of ability to me even the most pressing claims for payment a longer-term situation which will compel the in default of a great change in American co mercial policy, to divert purchases from t dollar to the sterling area and perhaps to ma purchases of imports with sales of exports wit the sterling area. That the negotiations are simply a matter of "business arrangement" shown by the fact that the Americans, wh demanding a commercial rate of interest on a loan they may make, are also seeking to Great Britain down from entering into any su policies, however much they may turn out to needed for the protection of the British standa of life. If the proposed loan is to be on a pur business footing, there should be no politi economic conditions attached to it: if such cond tions are to be insisted on, the loan should n be on a business basis.

Research for Industry

The Industrial Research Bill which Lo Barnby recently introduced into the House Lords raises an important question of princip The Bill, which has most of the big industrialis behind it, has for its object the compulso support of research associations in the vario industries by means of levies on output, to t maximum of 1 per cent. of the turnover of eve firm. Such levies would be enforced only aft a ballot vote of the industry—with voting not hands but by output—had given a 75 per ce majority in favour. Now, almost everyone agre that the existing provision for industrial resea in this country is altogether inadequate, and th much more money ought to be spent, either the Government, which at present finds abo one-third of the cost of approved associations, by industry. But there are apt to be complai that the research undertaken by the associati works out in practice mainly for the benefit of t big firms, and is of little advantage to the mu

more numerous small firms which, in most industries, cannot afford to apply the results. This is because the costs and risks of "development" of projects from the research stage to the stage of commercial exploitation are apt to be extremely high, so that only big firms can face them; and even big firms will do so only when they can protect themselves against competition by taking out patents. It is most unlikely that Lord Barnby's Bill will become law; but some means must be found of developing industrial research on a greatly extended scale. The best way would be for the Government to take a much bigger part not only in paying for this research but also in controlling it, so as to ensure availability, wherever possible, to the smaller firms; to cover "development" of projects as well as laboratory work; and to prevent the blocking of progress by exclusive patents.

PARLIAMENT: The Doldrums

Wednesday

THE promised stream of major Bills had run dry by last week, and the Parliamentary mill was powered by a trickle of legislative odds and ends. This enabled Frank Soskice to increase his reputation, and the backbenchers to choose between getting on with their correspondence, or airing their views on the adjournment. Sidney Silverman could not unreasonably point out that the Government, despite its protestations, would have had plenty of time for his temporary Old Age Pensions Bill. But the Party realised that this was now a dead issue. "General Time" had won Jim Griffiths' battle for him. The miners' rebellion in Standing Committee also petered out. Faced with a choice of nine-tenths of a loaf or no bread, they preferred to accept the Workmen's Compensation Act substantially as it stands.

But the problem of Labour Discipline still remains unsolved. The Specialist Group system, designed to maintain contact with Ministers, has been endangered by two serious leakages to the press. No Minister can be expected to talk frankly with a Group under the circumstances. On the other side, backbenchers have a reasonable suspicion that a number of important Ministers are not the masters of their Civil Servants and Service Chiefs, but their apologists. In particular, dissatisfaction about demobilisation and Social Insurance is widespread in the Party; and will not be removed by appeals for loyalty, when the real cure is the enforcement of policy decisions by Ministers on their Departments. This Government will be judged by its capacity, not only to push legislation through Parliament, but to organise Departments capable of executing its plans. And this applies with special force to housing.

Wednesday's debate demonstrated one thing only—that the Opposition has a foreign policy. Mr. Churchill came flat out with an appeal for Anglo-Saxon solidarity, which was echoed by every Tory speaker, with the exception of Lt.-Col. M. Lindsay, who made one of the best Socialist speeches of the day. Mr. Bevin won sympathy by his allusions to the appalling difficulty of negotiating with the Russians. But his failure to disown Mr. Churchill's exclusive concern with American friendship was as disappointing to his own supporters as it was pleasing to the Opposition. With the best will in the world, Labour members found little to applaud in his speech; and, since no one has yet emerged big enough to put forward a constructive Socialist policy from the back benches, Mr. Churchill got the best of it. The last spasm of a dying debate was a grotesque effort by Mr. Gallacher, who must be a sad embarassment to the *Daily Worker*, and a source of bewilderment to Moscow.

PHINEAS

POPPY DAY

Saturday, November 10th

The needs are greater than ever this year.

WHAT IS A BUS FOR?

THIS week the citizens of London, or at least such of them as are not in enjoyment of the use of private motor cars, have endured with impatience or good humour, with indignation or sympathy—depending, perhaps, on their politics—the concerted decision of bus crews to carry no standing passengers between the hours of 9.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m. In that period, misnamed "slack," queues of marooned passengers have protested in vain. They have been blandly assured by Mr. Barnes, Minister of War Transport, that any action taken by conductors in refusing to carry standing passengers in "off peak" hours is "without authority." Asked if he advised the public to exercise their right to stand, the Minister expressed the hope that he had "made the position plain"—scant consolation to users of buses, if the exercise of their "right" is countered by a determined refusal on the part of the crew to start the bus. As well might it be said that every householder has the right to eject an elephant who enters his house and sits down in the hall.

It would be wrong to suppose that the bus crews have not an arguable, indeed a strong, case on their side. Their contention is that, when account is taken of the enforcement by the L.P.T.B of exacting time schedules, the work of conductors has been rendered intolerable by having to endeavour—frequently with incomplete success—to collect fares in a bus crammed with standing passengers. They point to the fact that, during the "off peak" hours, many buses are still "parked" by order of the Board. They complain that the new decision taken by the Board, with the concurrence of the Regional Transport Controller, to reduce the number of standing passengers allowed to eight during "off peak" hours, but to leave 12 still permissible in the rush hours, had no regard for their "right" to conditions making for reasonable comfort and efficiency. In short, they say, if bus users find that they are suffering hardship under the new "no standing" rule, let them get after the directors of the Board.

For a discommoded public this attitude is not much more consoling than the pontifical line taken by Mr. Barnes. The Board will retort that its present economies are imposed by circumstances; that its ability to put more buses on the road is limited by the slow release of personnel from the Services, and that it is not for bus crews to usurp the functions of management and make their own rules. And so the patient Achæans get it in the neck; for, as it seems to us, the outstanding feature in the present rival claims of management and rank and file to decide how London bus services should be run is that the one person whose interests are left out of account is the user of the bus. He is, in fact the victim of a war between two sections of technicians each intent exclusively on their own side of a problem of organisation.

The management of L.P.T.B. is doubtless satisfied that it is doing all it can to achieve "efficiency," that is, the attainment of the maximum number of passenger-miles in the working day of a bus. Ignorant of the technical calculations involved, the public may wonder why queues on some routes are consistently more exasperating than on others; why "clots" of buses with the same number frequently form on some routes, the leading buses crammed to overflowing and those following half-empty; or why in the interests of "punctuality" it should sometimes be necessary for passengers to miss their trains because buses crawl at less than walking speed for several miles and at another time flash past the "stopping place."

To all these questions there may be an answer which makes sense to the management of the L.P.T.B., just as there is sense in the contention of the bus crews that it is inefficient to allow thousands of passengers (as at present) to travel without payment because over-fatigued "clippies" in over-congested buses cannot collect the fares. But both parties to the present dispute appear to be thinking of transport as if transport were a thing whose perfection is important in itself, without reference to the people who use it. This is the point which we regard as being of real public concern.

For the question which is thus raised applies not only to London's buses. It will apply to the nationalised railways, to the corporations which are to be charged with the development of British civil aviation, and to every non-profit-making public corporation which the Labour Government sets up as an agency in the transition from capitalism to socialism. So long as he tolerated a competitive society, the consumer was a fool if he complained at exploitation. He had to reckon that the management of enterprises run for private profit would base their policy in all cases on the principle of maximum profitability. In public corporations relieved of responsibility to shareholders, profitability is no longer the test of the correctness of policy. What is to be substituted for it? "Service" is presumably the answer, but that will elude us so long as managements concentrate on efficiency without regard to the reasonable demands of employees for good working conditions, while employees stand for their rights just as if they were working for a profit-making concern. The old clash between capital and labour is merely transplanted.

It comes, then, to this. Socialism will not work if a Socialist Government conceives its job to be done when it has taken an industry out of private ownership and handed it over to a public board whose management, no less than its employees, has a one-eyed, sectional point of view. We believe that on the London Passenger Transport Board and on all analogous corporations there should be strong user representation. But even this expedient would not wholly meet the case. A Socialist Government cannot divest itself of responsibility for close and continuous supervision of the work of public corporations from the consumer standpoint, as well as from that of the employees concerned. If "service" is to take the place of pursuit of profit, and if fairness both to workers and users is to be secured, the final arbitrament in every issue must be made by the Minister in charge. Mr. Barnes may be right in saying that the London bus crews are acting "without authority"; but he must use his authority to see that the conditions of employment are reasonable, that management is neither bureaucratic nor authoritarian, and—last but not least—that buses are run not for schedules, but for passengers.

THE FRENCH CASE

THERE has been a strange lack of response in this country to General de Gaulle's reasoned statement—given in an interview with *The Times* correspondent—of the French proposals for the solution of the German problem. Not unreasonably, in view of recent reports of a deadlock in Berlin, M. Bidault returned to the subject last week-end, and restated the case for a Western settlement as a counterpart to the changes in Germany's Eastern frontier. He may well have been encouraged to do so by Mr. Bevin's announcement in the House that he, too, was urgently considering the ultimate destiny of the Ruhr.

It is vital that in this matter the Western European States should achieve a common policy. In the long run they will bear the primary responsibility for security in this area; and they will reap both the long run and the short run economic consequences of the Big Three decisions about the Ruhr. They have, therefore, both the right and the duty to initiate proposals with regard

to Western Germany and to match them up against Russian policy in the East.

The main difficulty, of course, is that, whereas Britain and America have not even put forward a plan for Western Germany, the dismemberment of Eastern Germany is already an accomplished fact. For good or for ill, the main food surplus area of the Reich has already been incorporated in Poland, together with the whole Silesian industrial belt; and into what remains of Germany after this truncation are being poured some ten million more Germans. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt accepted this policy of Eastern dismemberment, and very few objections were raised in this country when they did so. We may possibly be able to achieve some softening of the methods used, but it is mere wish-fulfilment to hope at this late hour for a change in the policy agreed at the Yalta Conference.

Granted, then, that this issue has already been decided, what should be the destiny of the remaining German territories and of their inhabitants? Two solutions are possible. An effort might be made to reconstitute a unitary German State. Such a State must, of course—as the Americans and Russians rightly argue—be demilitarised and de-industrialised to prevent the inevitable war of revenge. For the newly drawn Eastern frontier, which makes Breslau, for instance, a part of Poland, affronts a national German tradition going back for hundreds of years. A unitary German State, therefore, whatever its political complexion, is bound in twenty years to regard the revision of its Eastern frontier as its national destiny. Such a State can never be permitted to rebuild the heavy industry of the Ruhr, and will have to be permanently held down by an armed alliance of the Great Powers.

But if this proposal, which is the basis of the Potsdam plan, is not acceptable—and its economic consequences in Europe are painfully clear—then there is only one alternative open. Those areas of Western Germany which we cannot permit to be dismantled because we need them for European recovery must be removed from the control of any reconstituted German State. In brief, dismemberment in the East must lead to one of two consequences: either the pastoralisation of all that remains of the Second Reich, or a Western dismemberment of Germany. This, if I understand it aright, is the argument of General de Gaulle and M. Bidault. As Frenchmen, they are even more concerned than Russia or America to prevent a revival of German militarism. As Europeans, they realise that the de-industrialisation of Western Germany, necessary for security reasons, will postpone European recovery for a generation. They are therefore opposing the Potsdam plan for the reconstitution of a Central German administration, because they fear that it will prejudge the issue of a frontier settlement.

Far too little attention has been paid in this country to the French case. It has a hard logic which revolts both our humanity and what we regard as our common sense. But it should be considered whether the French proposals are not really much nearer both to common sense and to humanity than the Potsdam plan. If, for instance, it is argued that the political dismemberment of Western Germany would so violate German nationalism that it could not be a permanent solution, we should bear in mind that at least as violent a wound to German national pride has already been inflicted in the East. If the victors regarded German national feelings as a factor of prime importance, then why did they countenance the Eastern dismemberment? A permanent settlement must either pay regard to German nationalism *both* in the West *and* in the East, or else the dismemberment must be so thorough that German national feelings become irrelevant. To produce a settlement in the East, intolerable from a German point of view, and then to reconstitute a unitary German State, is asking for trouble.

The economic objections to the French plan are equally inconsistent. It is, of course, true that the German Reich was a closely integrated economic whole. But this applies to the Eastern provinces as well as to the Western. The *fait accompli* in the East has already made nonsense of the centralised German economic system, by removing the food surplus area and by hacking through the communications system. It is just not true that we can restore a German Reich which makes sense economically or politically when the Eastern provinces have been given to Poland and their population driven West, and when we refuse to permit the Germans to revive their industry.

What then of reparations? It is argued that, if the French had their way, then Germany would be quite unable to pay reparations. This is partly true. The scale of reparations would be vastly reduced by the French plan. But to make up for this loss, Europe would be able to enjoy the products of the Ruhr and the Rhineland industries, since these industries would then be integrated into the Western system and relieved of the burden of reparations. Moreover, it should be noted that we have a precedent for this already. The industries of Silesia, now part of Poland, will not be subject to reparations payments. We do not begrudge our Eastern allies these acquisitions. And equally, we hope, they will not be so unreasonable as to begrudge us the incorporation of the Ruhr and Rhineland into Western Europe, if that incorporation enriches Europe as a whole and makes utterly impossible the revival of German militarism which they justly fear.

What, finally, of humanity and justice? Can it be justifiable to remove from the German State territories which are unquestionably German? The French answer is harsh, but difficult to refute. The Potsdam blue-print for the reconstruction of a unitary Germany failed completely owing to the issues of reparations and demilitarisation. Neither Russia nor America is willing to permit what is left of Germany after the Eastern dismemberment to have any industry which could be used for re-armament, and this means any industry at all. They seem to want to revive a dying Germany in order to strip off the last pound of flesh, and then to leave a pastoralised skeleton. If humanity means anything, it means preventing this solution. Since we consented to the *fait accompli* in the East, and since we are revolted by the prospect of a unified Germany without means of support, humanity demands that we should separate off those Western areas whose prosperity is essential to Europe as a whole, leaving to the administration of a Four-Power Commission the plains of Prussia and the pastoral beauties of Bavaria and Wurthemberg. That, at least, is the French case.

Without such a dismemberment, indeed, it may be argued that the pleasant-sounding formula, "internationalisation of Western Germany's heavy industry and waterways," is meaningless. You cannot reconstitute a unitary German State and simultaneously impose international control over its industries and communications. Equally, you cannot reorganise Germany from Berlin without prejudicing such a Western settlement. Only in a territory politically separated from the Reich would international economic control of socialised heavy industry be an instrument of European reconstruction.

There is, of course, one final objection. Would not any solution along these lines be tantamount to the formation of a "Western bloc"? That depends entirely on how it is done. Such a settlement could be genuinely European, and it could also be anti-Russian in design. But it should be remembered that a unitary Germany, smarting under the Eastern dismemberment, would in any case be a menace to Russia. In this situation we have the choice, not between good and evil, but between the greater and the lesser evil. And the French argue that a Western dismemberment may after all be the lesser evil, now that we have accepted the present Eastern settlement. At the very least, their case deserves a reasoned reply.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A LONDON DIARY

TALK of "giving Russia the secrets of t atomic bomb" or withholding them from Russ is equally mischievous and silly. There only too much reason to fear that Russia and oth countries are already on the way towards maki atomic bombs. Obviously control by some wor authority there must be. The best remarks I' seen on the subject were made recently by t Master of Balliol (who will soon be one of thr Lord Lindsays, but always the same unique distinguished person). The Master suggests Atomic Council, which would be in sole char of all developments of atomic energy, peace and war-like. This Council would present annual report and budget to the Security Coun and it would have to see that atom bombs we not made or used by any other authority. would only threaten to use atomic bombs, actually order their use, in the event of a Pow preparing to use or using them itself. suggests that the Council should be composed scientists and judges, selected from all the nati on the Security Council, and he develops analogy between the Atomic Council and t Supreme Court of the United States, which responsible to nobody and which owes authority to the backing of the U.S.A. Gover ment and to the respect which the public h for its personnel. Obviously the hope would that such an expert body, with scientists to lo after the technical side, and judges to deci when the law was being infringed, would devel a similar authority of an international characte Equally obviously there would be a period wh the Powers would still expect their scientists a judges to act as national representatives. W should have to get through that period and, view of the increasingly international outlook the scientists who have had a hand in maki this finally destructive weapon, I'm hopeful th such a body might really establish itself a present a bulwark against the insanity nationalism.

* * *

I believe that I have at last discovered why t Belsen trials have been so unduly protracte When the procedure for the trial of W Criminals in the British Zone was being work out, there was a long and heated argument betwe the Judge Advocate's Office and the legal secti of Civil Affairs (now Military Governmen The Judge Advocate's Office, jealous of its priv leges, argued the case for trying the War Crimina before an ordinary British Court Martial. T lawyers in Military Government replied that t complicated procedure and the latitude giv to defending Counsel in a Court-Martial wou spin out the cases interminably. So they p up a counter-proposal for a special procedur better adapted to Continental minds. Th were able to argue that in no country, exce Britain and the Dominions, are criminal pr ceedings based on the principle that every bene of every doubt should be given to the defendan The main departures from British practice whi they proposed were three in number: first, t Judge and prosecuting Counsel should have t right to cross-examine the defendants, even they did not wish to be cross-examined; second British rules of evidence should be modified permit the taking of hearsay evidence—th would bring them into line with those of Fran and Germany; and lastly, the presiding Jud should not be an officer without legal experienc but a trained lawyer. I am assured that if th procedure had been used at Belsen, the tri would not have taken more than three or fo days.

* * *

I was talking to one of the most-experienced Continental observers the other day about t chaos and misery in Germany and Austria. agreed that the Russian troops had behav terribly. He pointed out that nothing w reported of the less wholesale but still co

nuous loot and the numerous assaults on women arried out by the American and Dominion oops. (The British are again far the best ehaved and most popular occupying soldiers.) nd then he said: "The really dangerous eople in Europe are the exiled armies. General nders has a considerable army of Polish troops Germany and Italy and, judging by the propaanda and activity of the old London Poles here who have always had contact with the Fascist-inded Poles in Poland), they hope to make ouble before long. In the same way Hungarian azis are waiting in large numbers in the American one in Austria. Their game would be to provoke rising of the Right in Poland or Hungary which e Red Army would put down with its usual thlessness. Then they hope for a developing ar of intervention. The Russians behave ominably, but many who attack them fail to alise the real reason for much of the current ropaganda."

* * *

The World Youth Council, which organised is week's Conference, has done well to bring gether representatives of 64 countries, claiming speak for a total of thirty million young people. is easy, especially for the delegates, to overphasise the political importance of such a thering; but if the Federation which is to formed carries out its plans for international udy, cultural exchanges, cheap travel and the e, and if it gets the representation it is asking on bodies like UNESCO, it may well be a ctor in securing that world understanding hich eludes the older generation. One of the st things in the Conference was the speech which Tom Neill, of the U.S. delegation, called the sharing of the atom bomb "secret" and uses of atomic energy. The speeches showed that people who are talking freely for the st time in six years choose their words carefully d expect to be listened to. The delegations m Austria, Hungary and Rumania were able come as soon as a reluctant British Foreign ffice granted visas, but the Greeks were held by their own Government and have only just rived. Professor Georgalas (not exactly a uth) leads them; he is chairman of the Socialist rty and a member of the EAM executive. He picts the situation in Greece as even worse n I had thought. The number of political soners is 18,500 and still going up. A Greek geant in the American army, to prove it could done, got ten voting-cards for the election. these cards are also ration-cards for UNRRA pplies, disfranchisement is a serious matter for Left and their families. The Professor's ails of atrocities, carried out sometimes in yalist private prisons, sometimes openly, and en in the presence of British officers and men ch as the beating-up of a respected Socialist nfrère), shocked the audience.

* * *

In the preface to *Mind at the End of its Tether* einemann, 6s.), H. G. Wells reveals what many his friends have long known, that in addition his diabetic trouble he suffers from other mplications which must end his life before long. uppose one should not be sad about that; he lived a long and creative life, influencing his eration more and seeing further ahead than other Englishman with the possible exception Bernard Shaw. The first page of this book es it as the writer's view that "the end of rything we call life is close at hand and cannot evaded." This puzzles me a little, especially t was written before the discovery of the atomic mb. I knew he believed that man as a species likely to die out, because, like extinct preoric monsters, he cannot adjust himself his new environment. I doubt if he is right re may always be another human mutation. , short of an atomic mischance which turns earth into a sun, I cannot see why life as such uld die, and I should expect, viewing the thing a long perspective, there to be new forms of cies and new forms of civilisation, even if nothing develops of this one, of which I am far from persuaded.

* * *

Those who wish for a balanced, honest and well-documented account of events in Austria should read *Austria since Liberation*, a cyclostyled pamphlet costing sixpence obtainable from the Union of Democratic Control, 34 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. Even more interesting is a similar document published at the same price by the same organisation called *Indo-China*. So few people in this country know anything of French rule in Indo-China or of Indo-Chinese civilisation; the contents of this pamphlet are likely to be a revelation. In particular I recommend the beautifully written letter from an Annamese to an English friend which explains how an Asiatic feels after two successive occupations. The usual remarks about Quislings and so forth will sound hypocritical nonsense to you after you've read it. We shall read it in an Asiatic Anthology one of these days.

* * *

Date: Nov. 3. Scene: Garden in Kent. In front of a wall, against which an autumn crop of figs is ripening, scores of Red Admiral butterflies are swarming over a bed of yellow chrysanthemums. In the grass below apple trees, stripped now of their fruit, wild strawberries are in flower; and, on the far side of the orchard, my host is busy gathering fully ripened maize. In a flower-bed facing south daffodils have thrust precocious noses half an inch out of the soil. England has a peculiar climate.

* * *

I am going for a week to Yugoslavia with an open mind and a number of M.P.s and journalists to see what I can see during the election period. A small incident happened just before I left that vividly conveyed to me the demoralisation of war and occupation. As almost everything is lacking in Yugoslavia, I bought several pounds of coffee to give as presents to friends and hosts in Belgrade and Zagreb. It happened that they lay on the seat of my car when an English air navigator asked for a lift. I moved the parcels for him, remarking that I was taking the coffee to Yugoslavia next day. "You ought to do well out of that," he said. The assumption that I intended to sell them on the black-market was so natural and so nauseating that I was almost—but not quite—speechless. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to V. A. Overton.

Paste entries on a postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Rather than pretentious ornamental vases for holding flowers on graves, the Rev. Paul Gliddon, vicar of Shoreham, Kent, prefers jam or pickle jars.

But he *does* think people should remove the labels, such as "chutney" or "mixed pickles," which, "put a severe strain on your reverence."—*Daily Mirror.*

Eton Rural Councillors will revert to morning meetings—because they feel sleepy in the afternoon.—*Sunday Express.*

When his wife read the King's telegram of congratulation a smile came over his face, he murmured "The King!" then lapsed into a coma from which he never recovered.—*Manchester Evening News.*

Semi-corpulent officer (27) wants three weeks' weight-reducing work, country (tree cutting?), in exchange for accommodation.—Advt. in *The Times.*

Semi-corpulent officer is overwhelmed with hundreds of kind offers, and finds it well nigh impossible to reply at once.—Advt. in *The Times.*

BRAZILIAN POLITICS

THE news from Brazil is difficult enough to understand for one who knows the country. What must it be for the newspaper reader who brings no previous experience to his reading of the cables? He gathers that President Vargas has been asked to resign by the War Minister, General Gões Monteiro, and the Army, and immediately and very quietly did so after troops and guns had been massed in the streets of Rio de Janeiro; but he is not told that the Vargas regime was itself based upon the support of the Army and the friendly neutrality of the Catholic Church, and that Army officers were not only handsomely paid, but were given more and more of the most lucrative civilian jobs; and he is ignorant of the fact that this same General Gões Monteiro resigned from the highest command in the Brazilian Army when Brazil entered the war on the side of the Allies, because his sympathies with the Fascist Powers were too obvious. He knows that the title of Getulio Vargas was President of the Republic of the United States of Brazil; but perhaps he does not know that there has in fact been no Republic since Dr. Vargas made himself dictator in 1930, and soon afterwards abolished the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies (whose home has ever since been occupied, perhaps not inappropriately, by the Ministry of Propaganda). He reads that the new Government just formed, is purely provisional, and that a return to democracy will be inaugurated by the elections of December 2nd, which will choose new Senators and new Deputies, as well as a new President of the Republic; but he can have little idea of the degree of democracy which has ever been reached in Brazil, or is likely to be reached again.

From the date of its liberation from Portugal in 1822 until 1889, Brazil had been an Empire. The Republic which was then founded—just after the abolition of slavery—was at first military in character, but afterwards became civilian, and genuinely representative of the limited landowning and intellectual class, and particularly of the two richest and most populous States, São Paulo and Minas Geraes, which took turns to control the Presidency, each outgoing President nominating an official candidate, who had all the advantages of support by the Government machine. This gradually degenerating system was broken by certain intervals of rebellion and martial law, especially in 1924; but it continued until 1930, when Getulio Vargas, Governor of the southernmost State of Rio Grande do Sul, stood for President, and tried to break the sequence. He was defeated—by electoral fraud, his friends said—and he at once made a military march on Rio de Janeiro, and seized the Government.

This was the beginning of the dictatorship—supported by the Army, whose senior and junior officers are handsomely paid and are given many of the most lucrative civilian jobs, and with the very friendly neutrality of the Catholic Church. It has lasted to this day. Since 1930 there have been no elections. In 1934 the two Chambers were indeed called together to confirm Dr. Vargas in the Presidency and to frame a new Constitution, which was, however, superseded in 1937 by another, promulgated by Dr. Vargas on his own authority alone, after he had abolished both Chamber and Senate. This latest Constitution contained a clause which provided for its approval by a plebiscite; but the plebiscite has never been held, war conditions being given as the reason.

These years of absolute government have not been without resistance. In 1932 the State of São Paulo rebelled, and was only suppressed after a real, though short, war. In 1935 another rebellion broke out in the North-East and spread to Rio de Janeiro. Its leader was Luiz Carlos Prestes, and its inspiration was definitely Communist. It was only put down after the declaration, first of a state of siege, and then of a state of war, and Prestes was imprisoned. This rising was followed three years later, by one of the

opposite colour. Plinio Salgado's Fascist Greenshirts attacked the Presidential Palace, which was only just held by Vargas and his daughter, revolver in hand, until the troops arrived.

Such is the historical background of the approaching elections. No doubt there have, in the last few months, been many changes, apparently democratic in tendency; but each of them has the reverse side to its medal. Things are not always what they seem. For instance, the censorship of the Press was abolished in April, and was followed by open and unpunished attacks on the Government; but, at the same time, a man could still be sentenced to a year's imprisonment by the "Tribunal of Security" for "injurious remarks" about the President. There was an amnesty for political prisoners, and Luiz Carlos Prestes, leader of a Communist revolt ten years ago, was among those to be released; but, curiously enough, his first act on regaining his liberty was to pay a long visit to Dr. Vargas, and then to hold a great meeting—widely announced in advertisements, which must have cost a lot of money, and which the police made no attempt to prevent—and at this meeting he did not advance himself, or any other Communist, as a Presidential candidate, and he no longer talked Communism or rebellion, but vaguely adumbrated an assembly which should draw up a new, really democratic Constitution.

This behaviour of Prestes was perhaps not surprising to those who have watched the evolution of Dr. Vargas in the last few years. He was perhaps the first of the South American dictators openly to bid for the support of the industrial working class, a technique in which he has found an apt pupil in Argentina. The decree-laws concerning Labour and Social Security, which he issued, are the most advanced in the Americas and among the most advanced in the world. The working man has all the privileges excepting that of going on strike, which is absolutely forbidden him, or joining any trades union except the Government ones.

What do Getulio Vargas' opinions matter, it may be asked, since he has now resigned and has retired to his country estate? There are, however, quite a number of people in Brazil who are by no means so sure that he has gone for good; who have not failed to note his declaration, before departing, that his return to politics would depend upon events; and who are wondering whether he is not manœuvring for a situation in which he may be sent for as the indispensable man. They remark that in preparing for the forthcoming elections he had gone back to the bad old system of nominating an official candidate and placing the Government organisation at his disposal, and that this candidate, the Minister of War, General Dutra, was known to have had no real desire to stand, and not to be a very strong candidate either—which reminds them of the sort of man that it has been the Vargas habit of choosing for the post of Interventor, or Governor, of the several States. Moreover, a mysterious group, which adopted the cry "We want Getulio," sprang up in various places, and seemed to be very friendly with the official candidate's adherents. Those who were openly uneasy about Getulio Vargas' intentions included not only the other candidate, Air Force General Eduardo Gomes, but Oswaldo Aranha, until lately Foreign Minister in the Vargas Government.

As for the elections themselves, those who know Brazil will smile, not only at their alleged freedom, but at their alleged democratic character. The electoral law—or Vargas electoral decree—proudly says that every Brazilian, man or woman, not only may but must vote; but in the next paragraph it adds that no one who cannot read and write, and no one who is a beggar, can be an elector. Since hardly less than 75 per cent. of the people are illiterate and many are miserably poor, this appreciably reduces the register, which contains little more than 6,000,000 names in a population of 45,000,000. The truth is that the Brazilians really are a people among whom power resides in two hundred families. If you belong to those families you can get away with anything, even crime. If you do not you have no chance.

Of course there is another side to the whole question. It might be a very good thing for Brazil that Getulio Vargas should continue to rule the country. He is sensible. He has a sense of humour. He is clever, as well as cunning. He is tolerant, hard-working and honest, all of which virtues are rare enough among South American politicians. He has certainly rendered great services to his people in centralising the administration, in promoting useful public works and in raising the national prestige abroad. He was neither a ranting, a brutal nor a flamboyant dictator. But it would be an exaggeration to call him democratic.

PHILIP CARR

PLANNED TRANSITION

(By a Correspondent)

This factory has connections with household names in the aircraft industry, its products have been vital to the war effort. Production has been stepped up many times by intensive overtime, enlarging the original factory, and by a widespread system of sub-contracting. Many workers, skilled and unskilled, have been directed to it from the North and Midlands; there is a large scientific, technical, and designing staff. Taking it by and large, and counting all the "cracks" about inefficiency and the mass-production of cigarette lighters, this factory did a good job during the war, and it was unfortunate but probably necessary that it made a shabby backyard of a piece of good English farmland. It was perhaps equally necessary, but much more unfortunate, that thousands of ordinary people's manner of living should be profoundly affected by it. Housing is as difficult here as anywhere else and many importees have been living under irritating and unsatisfactory conditions for years. But the R.A.F. received the goods.

The Essential Works Order still operates, especially over technical staff. Some young men have been allowed to go, but others have been retained in recent weeks, although they had been offered other and better jobs. In some instances it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that vanity or pique of seniors was the operative motive for retention. But now production lines are idle and the place is electric with rumour: we are going to make refrigerators, garbage cans, road rollers, radio sets, patent bedsteads, chamber-pots, prefabricated cows, or what have you. Anybody's guess is as good as yours. What appears certain is that contracts—war contracts, of course—are drastically cut, and lots of people have already been declared redundant. The R.A.F. needs a tenth of our present capacity.

There has been no attempt to explain anything to anybody. Supervisory and workshop staffs, charwomen and gate-policemen, all have the same feeling of helplessness born of their ignorance of what "they" are up to. (In passing, it is grimly amusing to hear the tougher of the managers talking sadly of the directors' "criminal responsibility" and "moral duty" to find some work. Also it appears that "the State should interfere. . . .".) People one has known come to say good-bye. "Leaving to-night," they say, "Twenty (or forty or sixty) of us going from our shop." The time-servers and office-seekers burrow more diligently than ever. The honest and outspoken swagger a little too much. Their attitude is, "O.K. Let's be knowing. If we've to go, let's go and find something else. It'll be easier to get a job now than later when the troops come home." In a word, it is the atmosphere of the slump years all over again: the shabby spectre we hoped was laid for ever reappears.

But what is really to happen to this and the many other similar factories and their workers? Very little of the skilled labour and almost none of the technical staff can be absorbed locally: it is not an industrial district. If jobs can be found in other parts of the country, the housing problem clamps a family more securely than any Emergency Order; and in any case men are sick of dingy lodgings and too-bright hostels away from their wives and families. It is mere wish-fulfilment to talk glibly of "switching the factory to consumer goods on high priority." Switching to consumer goods is not done by demanding the event and then thinking it will happen by some overnight alchemy. In cold fact, as the works equipment and organisation stand, geared-up after six years of war, there is precious little that the factory can do except that which it came into being to do. The buildings, a bit of the organisation, and a few machine tools might be used, say, for agricultural machinery; but the type of labour, the methods of planning, processing and manufacturing are completely different, and most of the skilled labour and the designers and technicians would be useless. And are we planning to use up tractors at the same rate as aircraft during the war? Equally important, the managerial, technical and executive staff generally do not understand how to make consumer goods of adequate quality and attractive price. Why should they? They have been brought up on armament contracts with subsidised research and cost plus 10 per cent. Of course, given time, we could get down to producing something, but who buys the oats for the donkey while we are learning?

The Joint Production Committee has approached the management and threatened (or promised) "to expose the position to the Board of Trade." And morale goes down and down. Silly rumours circulate. One hears one morning that the General Manager has been found shot in his office, and the next that the former Sales Manager is driving a taxi in Torquay. Little groups of people dot the works. Their voices vary from grave and low to loud and overconfident. Sometimes two or three of these groups coalesce on their way to the nearest notice-board to see if any information is forthcoming. We no longer greet each other with "Good morning." We say, "Hello, what's the latest?" or "You still here?"

There is a large Civilian Re-settlement Unit for ex-prisoners-of-war a few miles away. Batches of ex-prisoners gape round the works under the control of guides from the Welfare Department. These trips are part of the Rehabilitation Scheme. The guides have orders that the parties are to be kept out of the morgues which used to be machine shops and spend as much time as possible time-killing in such show places as the Laboratory or the Research Department. What contribution to rehabilitation this makes is not clear, but it is not exhilarating to lecture on the problems of high-altitude flight to bunches of bored ex-P.O.W.s whose critical faculties are assumed to be atrophied and who quite obviously are aching for a pint.

It is Thanksgiving Week at a nearby town. One cannot imagine more exquisite mistiming nor a more inappropriate title.

HUNGARY TO-DAY

Silk stockings and Chanel perfume in the shops; bare feet and bread queues in the streets; political exuberance alongside raging inflation; night clubs in the midst of ruins; Red Flag and reparations; V.D. and violence. Sort that out, and you get a picture of present-day life in Hungary. Neither war nor liberation has unravelled the Hungarian tangle.

First, the setting: Budapest in ruins. Allied bombing and fifty-one days of siege left an ugly legacy. Yet there is an aliveness about the city. Hungarians seem anxious to forget the past and get on with the job of building the future. The newly enfranchised young men and women who for the first time have gone to the polls under the new electoral law, have the same political awareness and urge as have our own young people. They are anxious that the social revolution, so long denied Hungary, and nowhere more needed, shall not be delayed; and a remarkable degree

freedom exists. Street barrows weighted down with newsprint carry the city's twelve papers, all of which appear to be outspoken and critical, though subject to scrutiny. The radio, if anything, is freer than ours.

There can be no doubt that the recent elections, both municipal and parliamentary, were fair and democratic, in our sense of the term. Rumours have been spread about Russian interference. Soviet pressure was supposed to have been responsible for the Social Democrat—Communist union in the Budapest elections, but I could not confirm it from the leaders of either party. After that election, which was won by the Smallholders' Party, there was a tense political atmosphere. Lawlessness spread with the election post-mortem. It was said that Rákosi, the Communist leader, flew to Moscow, and that Voroshilov had demanded an all-party list of candidates. Again, there appears to be doubt as to the truth of this. Reliable Hungarian sources say that the origin of the suggestion was Tildy, the Smallholders' leader. Anxious to avoid strife, conscious of the inability of his party to provide a strong enough administration, and aware of Hungary's need for a continuance of coalition Government, Tildy believed that the way out was to have a common list for all candidates at the election. After comings and goings between the parties, the result was a decision to fight the election competitively but to form a new Coalition Government based on the strength of the parties returned to the Assembly. In any case, such a coalition, I believe, was inevitable because of the present political line-up.

Practical politics in Hungary to-day seem to be a shrewd mixture of short-term reconstruction and long-term realism. "Hungary's industry is in ruins: you cannot socialise ruins," said one politician to me. Yet in reconstruction from scratch lies the great hope for the success of Hungary's social revolution. The new Hungary has no desire to fall back on Bethlen irredentism and chauvinism. Hungary harbours no delusions about pre-Trianon frontiers. Its leaders recognise that close economic ties with the Soviet, perhaps not so exclusive as those of the recent Russo-Hungarian pact, are inevitable, not only because of close geographical affinity, but also because of the loss of Hungary's former large markets in Germany and Central Europe. What responsible circles want is economic freedom and not subordination to any machine—Soviet or otherwise. They fear that economic satellitism may be a prelude to political puppetry. All parties are anxious to continue to work within an independent Hungary enjoying friendly relations with her neighbours, great and small.

Hungary's economic structure is seriously damaged. The war was fought over almost every acre of its soil. Not more than 50 per cent. of the pre-war production capacity will be reached this year. Most of that will be eaten up in reparation payments. Little will be left for rehabilitation. Raw materials, fuel and transport are almost non-existent. Agricultural produce is now only two-fifths of what is required to feed the eight million population in Hungary. Out of over two million cattle, only 600,000 remained. Less than one quarter of the total horses, pigs and sheep survived in a country that was once so rich in livestock. Because of this scarcity, no meat has been sold in the shops since October 1st. The pengo, once 24 to the £, stood at 10,000 to the £ when I arrived and at 16,000 when I left. Now it stands at almost 20,000. Money has lost all value. The former Hungarian "pound" note has become "dust" to the Magyars. The working man, in fact, everybody, is only interested in food. Mink coats in shops do not excite them. Indeed, most of the well-to-do have already parted with their jewellery or reduced their wardrobe to the clothes they stand up in—all bartered for food. Few in Hungary thought that liberation from the Nazi nightmare would mean slow starvation and death. It is obvious that in this cruel situation, so common in S.E. Europe to-day, help must come from outside. Russia is contributing some wheat and has ceased to collect food reparations. Bread is rationed to the minimum, half a pound a day to those who work. The Minister of Food, Ronai, believes that famine is inevitable in the large towns in December next. "Hunger is a bad counsellor," says an Hungarian proverb. It might well become reaction's best argument.

There is spiritual hunger, too. "Give us books," say these Magyars, "give us films, plays, radio scripts, musical scores, gramophone records. Give us more B.B.C." Hungarians still look to the West, as well as the East, and plead for a gesture of understanding and sympathy. So far they have received only one consignment of medicine and the generous return of the "Holy Right Hand of St. Stephen." "The Russians helped to clear the city, built bridges (and war memorials), gave us 400 houses, occasional consignments of food," said Zolten Vas, the Communist Mayor of Budapest. "The Americans return our prisoners-of-war, but leave our railway wagons and fire-engines rusting at Salzburg. The British Mission has never even officially informed me of its existence."

In this situation, the new Government must face many a headache. One of the most violent may arise shortly over the recent land reform. The feudal estates have been broken up and by August last four million acres had been distributed to three-quarters of a million peasants. Shareouts have varied from three to ten acres. Such a speedy solution to one of Hungary's age-old problems is commendable, but coming at the end of a major war, and with the almost complete absence of machinery, seeds, transport facilities and marketing arrangements, it has wrecked this year's harvest and jeopardised next. Distribution into too small units has meant that in many cases the peasant has not enough land to feed his family or occupy him fully. Co-operation on the Danish model, not collectivism, is the most likely development, along with the conversion of the country houses of the dispossessed landlords into agricultural colleges.

Headache number two must come over Slovakia. During my recent tour, I obtained enough first-hand evidence to convince me that deportations of Hungarians were continuing, that internment camps within Slovakia had been set up and that methods reminiscent of the Nazis were being employed. The proposed exchange of 700,000 Magyars living in Slovakia for 72,000 Slovaks in Hungary seems arithmetically inequitable and morally indefensible. Expulsions by force, without discrimination and at very short notice, have been carried out by the infamous Hlinka guard. The Russians appear to have intervened on occasions. Where the Red Army was in force, few outrages occurred. Nor do all Slovak peasants approve of the scheme. For years they have worked side by side in the fields with their Magyar friends without local antagonism or nationality awareness. Such violent ethnological upsets cannot make for lasting peace or happiness in these tormented areas.

Add yet another problem for the new Coalition. The war may be over, but peace has yet to be restored. There is widespread lawlessness; robbery and loot, murder and rape still occur in both town and country. For myself I saw only one "incident" during the twelve days I was in the country: a Red Army patrol dealt somewhat unkindly with a soldier alleged to have been stealing. The authorities, Russian and others, agree that the situation is bad but is rapidly improving. It was not fair, they said, and I agree, to blame only the occupying army. Many of the guilty persons must be found among the 20,000 criminals released from the jails by the retreating Nazis, most of whom have not yet been rounded up. Or among displaced persons foraging through Hungary en route to their homes. Or among the deserters of the Vlasov army, disbanded near Budapest. Or among ex-Nyilas (members of the Szalasi Party) in hiding. The recent imposition of martial law should help to restore law and order, though it would be a help if soldiers and police carried arms only on duty. Then the "tommy gun" might pass out of the Hungarian vernacular as the "give-me gun."

Hungary, on the threshold of the West and the East, between the Slavs and the Germans, at the gates of the Balkans and on the crossroads of Europe, is trying to fashion her "brave new world." The new Coalition Government, Smallholder led, will welcome our help. Here, indeed, may be a real opportunity for Anglo-Soviet collaboration.

JOHN HAIRE

BRITISH ZONE

It's all very well to talk hot air
And ideological rot,
But here's a job that is being done,
A mess to clear and a zone to run—
If they want the facts on the good old Hun
They should ask the chaps on the spot, old boy,
They should trust the chaps on the spot.

I'm fed up with so-called democrats
All trying to interfere.
They shout the Nazis have got to go
That anti-Fascists can run the show,
But I only say, and I ought to know,
We've got no Nazis here, old boy,
We've got no Nazis here.

Our Jerry isn't a bad old stick,
He's helping to clear the mess;
But the refugee's not a bit of use,
He'd leave the Hun to stew in his juice,
He shirks the job with no excuse
And he couldn't co-operate less, old boy,
He couldn't co-operate less.

These arm-chair politics leave me cold,
My Huns never wanted the war.
And when you say that the old D.P.
Is the biggest headache in Germany,
I just can't tell you how I agree—
I couldn't agree with you more, old boy,
I couldn't agree with you more.

SAGITTARIUS

RADIO NOTES

To Start you Talking. I am conscious of having written, long ago, in this column, in favour of the rehearsed, as against the impromptu, discussion. Listening, last week, to the group of youngsters assembled to give their views on "Traditions," I felt that perhaps I had been wrong. Whether these programmes are rehearsed or not I do not know; but they certainly sound as if they were, and this has two unfortunate results: the whole thing lacks any sense of spontaneity, and (which is worse) the speakers sound insincere. In the case of young people this is particularly regrettable, because the value of what they say is lost if one feels that their utterances have been in any way influenced or tampered with. I am not of course accusing any one connected with the broadcasts of disingenuousness: I merely state the impression made upon me, which may have had quite other causes. The young are more responsive to their surroundings than the tough middle-aged and are often quite unconsciously put off what was to have been their stroke by circumstances as unfamiliar as those of a broadcasting studio. The decision of this group, which was all but unanimously in favour of traditions, I must admit surprised me—until it became obvious that to them the word was a symbol of Solidarity, Unity—that Togetherness which has come to possess a numinous value for the modern world. It is of course true, as the speakers agreed, that traditions with no application whatever to contemporary life are useless: "quaint old customs" may have a certain spectacular charm, but for the most part they benefit only the visitor from abroad. But what I missed in these eager, self-confident voices was any strong sense of personal independence—any inkling that Unity can never be more than a superficial, *ad hoc* affair, and that in the supreme moments of life we are all alone. To be

unaware of this is to be unprepared for tragedy—as the youth of Germany was unprepared for it. To reject the tragic view of life, in which the strength of the individual soul is the unit of value, not only fails to exorcise the power of tragedy but deprives the individual of his only reliable means to resolve it. Those who refuse Christianity must accept Stoicism in some form or other; merely to flop upon your neighbour when something dreadful happens to you, in the hope that a mystique of solidarity will somehow transform him into a saviour, can only produce confusion all round. The chain being no stronger than its weakest link, I think it arguable that the feats of endurance for which the late war was remarkable were due less to the sense of unity perceptible at any particular moment (although that must at times have been great indeed) than to the moral strength of the individuals involved. And it is chiefly because they tend to foster this strength that traditions have been valued in the past, and will—one may hope—be created and preserved in the future.

These positions were implied in Sq. Lr. H. E. Bates's *The Day of Glory*, but not, in my opinion, to any purpose. This play puts the well-intentioned critic in an awkward spot, especially as it was heralded by a positive tucket. If he criticises it in a spirit of detachment (incidentally a very difficult thing to do), he is almost certain to be accused of heartless highbrowery, if not of bad taste. For the subject is, as the Victorians used to say, a "sacred" one. But for that very reason the honest critic must, I suggest, grasp the nettle. The subject, then, of the lives and deaths of the young men of the R.A.F. during the war, of their parents and fiancées, ought surely to be either raised on to the highest level of tragedy, or else left upon the ground of plain reality; but to treat it, as Sq. Lr. Bates has chosen to do, in the style of Sardou will not, for the moment, do. I for one resent having my tear-ducts titillated by stock theatrical characters and dialogue, and situations as old as *Flare Path*, but not nearly so well contrived, claiming to represent the central tragedy of our time. Having delivered myself of this commination, I hasten to add that the production held my attention throughout the ninety minutes of the broadcast, and that it was uncommonly well acted.

I wish my readers would oblige me with some indication as to whether the Recommendations which I deal out regularly, are of use to them or not. If they are, it is easy for me to continue; if not, I can in future utilise the space for other matter.

RECOMMENDATIONS:—*Nov. 11th.* Recital (Solomon, 9.30 p.m.); "The Butterfly that Stamped" (Play after Kipling, 10.0).

Nov. 12th. "Spanish Gold (9.15 p.m.); Schubert Quartet in A minor (11.25).

Nov. 13th. Vaughan Williams Cantata: *In Windsor Forest* (7.25); "Written Beauty" (Talk on Calligraphy, 11.3).

Nov. 14th.—Sonata Recital (Ginette Neveu and John Wills, 1.15); Marjorie Lawrence sings Final Scene from Strauss' *Salome* (8.28); "How to talk to Young People" (10.0); Scenes from "This Way to the Tomb" (L.P. 9.30).

Nov. 15th.—"The Farming Position in Germany and Denmark" (7.0 p.m.); "Music from the Sea" (Fantasy by Walter De La Mare, 9.30).

Nov. 16th. Songs by Tchaikovsky (Oda Slobodskaya, 8.0 p.m.); "Window on Europe" (D. G. Bridson, 8.15). EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

NOTES ON SHOWS

EVERYONE interested in English sculpture should go to see the nine royal effigies, usually almost invisible in Westminster Abbey, now temporarily on show at the Victoria and Albert. The heads in the earlier statues are noble generalisations, in the Torrigianis of Henry VII and his consort are noble portraits, but the Richard II suffers from the sculptor's struggle to cope with the problems involved in the new demand for realism. The stone figures from the Henry V chantrey and the Henry VII chapel are of no great aesthetic value, but the Torrigiani cherubs are a delight, and it is a treat to be so close to the panels of thirteenth-century glass from the Jerusalem chamber. Everyone responsible for this exhibition deserves our gratitude.

At the Leicester Galleries there is an exhibition of works by one of the most interesting artists in this country, Mr. William Roberts. He creates a visionary world inhabited by Robot-like shapes who nevertheless by their postures and expressions suggest paroxysms of emotion. One cannot decide how far humour, how far hatred, may have inspired their inventor, but he composes well and his work has a signal intensity. There seems a touch of perversity in his use of pencil and water-colour to produce the effect of lithography, but the colour is beautiful; and the longer you look at these pictures, the richer and more significant they appear. Also at the Leicester Galleries are works by Mr. Henry Lamb, happier in his colour than he has recently been, and Miss Dora Gordine. Her sculpture, influenced by Indo-Chinese traditions, is uneven; while the large nude looks as if a garage had given it "air," some of the smaller nudes are sinuously graceful. The head of Emlyn Williams, skilfully purplish in patine, makes him look unplausibly Jewish, but it is full of life. Miss Gordine's work, if not very sensitive, is highly accomplished. At the Suffolk Street Gallery, if you have the nerve to make your way through room after room eerie with the mutterings of the decadent New English Art Club, you will find a hundred water-colours and drawings of London and its environs, selections from which are to be hung in pubs. A good many of these are pale and mild, but the regulars would certainly be alarmed if they were offered pictures boisterous with the gusto that one enjoys in the ornamentation of the best-looking pubs. The scheme is excellent and there are delightful topographical water-colours by Charles Ginner, Kenneth Rowntree, John Piper, Ruskin Spear, Frances MacDonald and Barbara Jones.

ROGER MARVELL

THE MOVIES

"Love Letters," at the Plaza
"Guest Wife," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch

Would you visit Essex, Eng.? In rolling country, where it never rains and there's tragedy in the air and the peasantry creep about in buggies, you can't miss your way to Beltmarsh. See the blitzed chapel where we got married? Follow this roadster, though, with the man like Joseph Cotten driving. The loneliest-looking house will be his. He sweeps up the drive, jumps out and is pretty sure to run in through the ever-open front door, exclaiming in American to the whiskered servitor who responds with Scots. (Or rather, he answers to a Scots name, but seems to hie from Lancashire.) Queer place Essex, Eng., where more than accents are addled. That poor young lady from down the road now (whom does she remind one of? Miss Jennifer Jones?), she had a terrible time, what with losing her husband and then her memory. Innocent, I'll be bound, and her hair down, and such eyes. She talks transatlantic too. So did her husband before the bread knife got him. So did her auntie, in the days when she *could* speak. They all twang a bit, the big folks round here; it's from going off in that roadster of theirs, and listening to the talkies, perhaps; they've nothing else to do, except pick fruit out of season, and look out for trouble when the mist curls round their ankles. It's a long story, how she got letters from a chap at the front and married him, and it wasn't he wrote the letters but another fellow, and when the first got done in she married the second, though she didn't know who he was, and only gradually her memory came back, and then he confessed and it all came right. The letters! That's where all the trouble started. Well, there aren't going to be any more tragedies in Essex, Eng., for a while, because none of the other inhabitants, to judge from their looks, can either read or write.

Is *Love Letters* a better film than this account would seem to suggest? Yes, a little better; Miss Jennifer Jones, *exaltée*, mobile in her fashion, and Mr. Cotten, gravely distinguished, make it go. But not even their performance can disguise a plummy situation made more unreal by its setting. What should we think of an American novelist who turned out novels as ignorant about English life? And t novel has the advantage over the film that it c slur over or leave out embarrassing detail. The fa that *Love Letters* was adapted from an English nov and may seem madly English to a Kentucky audienc has nothing to do with it. Since American produce are apparently quite insensitive to this type of criticis (the reception of *Objective Burma* seems to have hu rather than enlightened) we might try the effects screen parody: the hero, in a Hollywood Londo might be a B.B.C. crooner who, after winning th Boat Race and conducting his own concerto at Sing son's, marries a Duke's daughter in the ruins of Wes minster Abbey. Mr. Jeffrey Dell could provide th needed touch.

In *Guest Wife* the character of the fraudulent lette writer reappears, but as a figure of fun. A bounci journalist (Don Ameche) has invented a wife a written a packet of love letters to himself; his bo a sentimental bachelor, likes people married up to th eyes. Then he has to produce the wife, and Mi Claudette Colbert, already happily married, is swep into the part. In the complications that follow, be rooms and house detectives, as you might imagin play quite a part. It isn't a very new or funny situa tion; we saw it last, a fortnight or so ago, in *Indi cretion*. But Sam Wood's direction is more than nea and Miss Colbert, getting her own back with a ve geance, gives a performance of wonderful finish an charm.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

LENT

Mary Magdalene, that easy woman,
Saw, from the shore, the seas
Beat against the hard stone of Lent,
Crying "Weep, seas, weep
For yourselves that cannot dent me more."

O more than all these, more crabbed than a stones,
And cold, make me, who once
Could leap like water, Lord. Take me
As one who owes now
Nothing to what she was. Ah, naked.

My waves of scent, my petticoats of foam
Put from me and rebut;
Disown. And that salt lust stave off
That slavered me—O
Let it whiten in grief against the stones.

And outer reefs of me. Utterly doff,
Nor leave the lightest veil
Of feeling to heave or soften.
Nothing cares this heart now
What hardness crates me now or coffins.

Over the balconies of these curved breasts
I'll no more peep to see
The light procession of my loves
Surf-riding in to me
Who now have eyes and alcove, Lord, for Thee.

"Room, Mary," said He, "ah, make room for m
Who am so cold now
To my tomb." So, on Good Friday,
Under a frosty moon
They carried Him and laid Him in her womb

A grave and icy mask her heart wore twice,
But on the third day it thawed,
And only a stone's-flow away
Mary saw her God.
—Did you hear me?—Mary saw her God.

Dance, Mary Magdalene, dance, dance an sing,
For unto you is born
This day a King. "Lady," said He,
"To you who relent
I bring back the petticoat and the bottle scent."

W. R. RODGERS

Correspondence

PALESTINE

SIR,—The long-feared disorders in and around Palestine seem to have begun and are likely to spread. In so far as it is solely a matter of keeping order within the country the responsibility is ours alone and we have sufficient forces to cope with the situation. But if the trouble is aggravated by outside assistance to the Arabs in Palestine or if our relations with other countries are made more difficult by, say, protests by the Jewish community in the U.S.A. or by Moslems in India or in the Arab Federation, the matter becomes a " situation which might lead into national friction or give rise to a dispute " in the sense of Article 34 of the Charter of the United Nations, which we would be entitled to bring before the Security Council of that Organisation.

The Security Council cannot meet until after the General Assembly has met early in the New Year. But Article 106 of the Charter on transitional security arrangements specifically provides that as an interim measure the parties to the Four Nation Declaration signed at Moscow on October 30th, 1943, and France " shall in accordance with the provisions of paragraph 5 of that Declaration consult with one another and as occasion requires with other members of the United Nations with a view to such joint action on behalf of the Organisation as may be necessary for the purpose of maintaining international peace and security."

Should we not invoke this Article now and invite in particular the Russians, the Americans and the French to concert measures with us for dealing with the present situation? The Labour Party's foreign policy statement " *The International Post-War Settlement*," adopted last December, states that " we should seek to win the full sympathy and support both of the American and Russian Governments " for the execution of the Party's policy with regard to Palestine. Mr. Dalton last Whitsun, in his speech to the Blackpool Conference, re-emphasised the necessity for Soviet as well as American participation.

We can get international co-operation only for a policy based on ending the White Paper ban on Jewish immigration, for the White Paper was condemned by the League Mandate Commission and has been denounced by the United States. If we invite Soviet co-operation in this matter we shall have to co-operate with the Russians over other aspects of the peace settlement in the Near and Middle East. But we ought to do that in any case.

On the subject of cultural autonomy raised by Mr. Brailsford, may I recall the provisions in the Constitution of the Estonian Republic (before it went near-Fascist) for cultural autonomy? They were designed to meet the case of the Russian and German minorities, who being geographically intermingled with the Estonian majority could not claim political autonomy. But the Constitution gave them their equal rights as citizens and provided that these communities could elect their own representatives to various boards and councils conducting their own schools, churches, etc., and gave them the right to use their own languages for legal or official purposes and in the Estonian Parliament. A study of these provisions and of the Soviet policy toward national minorities might yield useful suggestions for the case of the Jews and Arabs in Palestine.

House of Commons. K. ZILLIACUS

SIR,—May I say a word in support of Mr. Fielden's criticism of H. N. Brailsford's article on Palestine?

It is only a few months since I was in Palestine myself, discussing these problems with Arabs, Jews and British. I cannot forget the seriousness with which Arabs objected to the assumption which we in the West make as a matter of course—the assumption that the material civilisation of the West, with its standards and values are equally applicable and acceptable in the East—and Near East. " Your civilisation seems to us to have brought you nothing but disaster and unhappiness," said an intelligent Arab to me. " Why do you try and impose it on us, and think us backward when we refuse it? "

For us in the West it is difficult to realise that the basic features of our civilisation are not universal and universally accepted. But they are not, and the fact that they are not plays an important part in the struggles in Palestine. It was easy enough to give the Arab an answer that would have satisfied a European, but the Arab was quite unconvinced. Production statistics leave the eastern mind quite unmoved. The gulf between eastern and western philosophy is as wide as ever.

From my conversations with Jews I also learned something. We all know that there are many Jews in Europe who would go to Palestine if they were allowed to. But I learned in Palestine that a surprising number of Jews would be glad to leave the country if they could find anywhere to go. The number of Jews who want to live in Palestine and nowhere else is possibly not large and consists mostly of people whose motives are religious, racial and sentimental. If some whose motives are economic are added the total may well not be more than could be accommodated with Arab consent.

As for the rest, the United Nations, as Mr. Fielden suggests, could park them with no trouble at all if they wanted to. R. A. PECK

29 St. John's Wood Terrace, N.W.3.

SOVIET DEMOCRACY

SIR,—No notice seems to have been taken in Britain of the drastic change in election procedure for next February's election to the Supreme Soviet, as shown by the Regulations, of which an English translation was published in *Soviet News* for October 23rd.

Hitherto the procedure has aimed at reducing the number of candidates in every constituency, by public discussion before the election, to one or two, preferably one: the actual vote being simply for or against the one. In the new Regulations, Articles 63 to 65 clearly indicate that the names of *all* duly nominated candidates shall be printed on the ballot-paper: that there will normally be more than two of these is distinctly implied in Article 79; while Article 105 provides for a second ballot within two weeks, in case no candidate receives over 50 per cent. of the votes cast.

Thus the new procedure approximates to that customary in France. Its superiority to English methods is shown not only by the second ballot, but by the exclusion of fresh candidates (by only allowing nomination by recognised organisations) and by the provision that, if less than half the registered electors cast their votes, another election must be held within two weeks (Art. 106). A. MORLEY DAVIES

Arngrove,
Amersham, Bucks.

THE HAMPSTEAD PETITION

SIR,—After the generous space allowed to our letter in your last issue we hesitate to write again, but there are still several questions of *fact* to be established.

(1) We cannot understand why you insist on knowing better than we what is the text of our petition. We repeat that it says, " German and Austrian refugees " and not " aliens." The incorrect paraphrase which you quote from the *Hampstead and Highgate Express* had already been clearly disowned by us, and the correct text printed in full in the next issue of that paper (October 26th). It has also appeared in the *Hampstead News* (November 1st) and can be checked by reference to our M.P., Flt.-Lt. Challen. The petition was signed on printed forms, and there is no possibility of variations in the text.

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JONATHAN CAPE

The reporter, who received a copy of the correct version, must be held responsible for the wording you quoted (which "Critic" stigmatised rather uncharitably as "touching the depths of political illiteracy") as also for some of the statements attributed to us at the interview. The organisers of the counter-petition must also be held responsible for wasting people's time by counter-petitioning against a fiction, since the incorrectness of the version read to the "protest" meeting on October 22nd was pointed out from the floor by Mr. Crabtree, without effect.

(2) We admit the suggestion that refugees awaiting repatriation might well occupy the sort of accommodation so long enjoyed by our Service men and women, some of whom could then begin to set up their homes and families in the vacated dwellings. It would be a gesture which would do a great deal to allay the suspicion that our "guests" are of the cuckoo type. Must we really point out the difference between living in army camps, etc., and internment? You appear to think it unworthy of notice. It is called freedom.

(3) Quite a number of organisations have now offered us support, but we have consistently refused it, though gladly accepting that of individuals who have spontaneously circulated the petition and obtained nearly 3,000 signatures in just over a fortnight, before it was closed and presented to our M.P. The only petition which has the support of *organisations* is the counter-petition, inaugurated at a mass meeting called by the Hampstead Left Book Club.

(4) With regard to the title "German Refugee Committee," we have to admit an error, committed in good faith and with the best intentions. The address of the "Refugee Committee" whose representative put forward the suggestion that our men should emigrate to make room for refugees is Bloomsbury House, Bloomsbury Square. The place was full of Germans, and we were under the impression that it was the German Jewish Refugee Committee, but we omitted the word Jewish because, unlike our critics, we wished to avoid introducing the racial question. We now understand that its correct title is "The Jewish Refugee Committee," and we take this opportunity of apologising publicly to any other Refugee Committee to which this suggestion may have been incorrectly attributed. At the same time, since this argument is in circulation among refugees in Hampstead, we are glad that we drew attention to it.

(5) We note that our defence against accusations of Fascism, Belsenism, etc., is "tarradiddle" as applied to you, which can only mean, not only that you did not make them, but that you wish to dissociate yourself from them, as made by the Hampstead Labour Party and several well-known local Fabians. We should appreciate a statement that it was a mere accident that the note on our petition in your issue of October 27th followed immediately after a note on the Belsen trial, with the words: "The Jew is always the scapegoat, and in Hampstead . . ." etc.

(6) Finally, the Hampstead Borough Council has no right to pass resolutions regarding Parliamentary petitions. It is not quite clear to us yet whether they did in fact do so, but we have asked a Councillor to clear up the matter. In any case, it is the Council's duty to carry out the wishes of the electors, as indicated by the fact that all four Councillors and the one new candidate in our Ward, who signed the petition, and were violently attacked for doing so, were returned at the recent election, the last at the head of the poll.

78, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. MARGARET CRABTREE
SYLVIA GOSSE

[The Jewish Refugee Committee disclaims categorically the suggestion attributed to it.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—The first reference by "Critic" in your journal to the meeting organised by the Left Book Club in Hampstead protesting against the local anti-refugee petition rather gave the impression that the Local Labour Party was connected with the meeting and with the counter-petition being organised by my Committee. Such unfortunately is not the case.

The facts very briefly are these. On October 12th the *Hampstead and Highgate Express* gave the first public details of the petition. The local Left Book Club, the Communist Party and Common Wealth each decided on immediate action. The former by organising the reported meeting, the Communists by organising a counter-petition, and Common Wealth by issuing an invitation to all progressive local parties and movements to meet at once to decide on joint counter-measures. At this meeting it was agreed to give joint support to the Left Book Club meeting and to issue a joint counter-petition sponsored by all the organisations present under the title of the Hampstead Counter-Petition Committee. The Communist Party readily agreed to withdraw their own petition.

It is sad to reflect that whilst people, parties and movements of all descriptions are giving enthusiastic and energetic support to the joint effort, the local Labour Party *alone* is not represented and has confined itself to a statement to the Press. In reply to Common Wealth's invitation the Secretary of the local Labour Party stated that after consulting the Chairman he agreed that with their pre-occupation with the Borough Council Elections they could do nothing further than issue a statement to the local Press. This is unfortunately not the first time the Hampstead Labour Party has refused to associate itself with Left-unity for fear apparently of being contaminated by outside influences.

In spite, however, of the absence of the Labour Party the counter-petition is going well and "Critic's" very full report has resulted in many offers of assistance in carrying out our campaign, for which I and my Committee are very grateful.

JOSE MURRAY
Hon. Secretary
Hampstead Counter Petition Committee,
36 Yale Court,
Honeybourne Road, N.W.6.

MUNICIPAL ANOMALY

SIR,—There will no doubt be considerable jubilation in Labour camps as the result of the Municipal elections. But there is another side to the picture which might well be given prominence in your journal.

The results in the Borough of Ealing have placed in office 19 Conservatives and 17 Labour members. The 19 Conservatives, having a majority of two, are now entitled to elect 12 Aldermen. These Aldermen are drawn from former Mayors, and if the usual procedure is followed, as it undoubtedly will be, all but one of the Aldermen will be Conservatives. The odd one will be a Labour ex-Mayor (a rarity in Ealing) and will serve as a sop to Cerberus, in case it should be thought that the Conservatives are taking an unfair advantage of their majority.

The "state of the parties" for practical purposes will then be: 18 Labour members against 30 Conservatives.

The fact that this procedure no doubt operates in other places in the reverse direction does not, of course, render it the less anomalous, or in fact iniquitous. Surely some means could be devised for preventing Council parties from packing their juries in this fashion.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THOSE who, like myself, were brought up on the missionary's Africa, the Africa of the manse, and who were told about Livingstone and the lion as if the episode had come out of the Old Testament, are likely to shudder when they pick up a book of African travel of the 19th century. For us the scents of the grassland and jungle are dulled by the dust of the nonconformist hymnals. We cannot see the natives for the heathen. We cannot hear the lion roar or the gorilla boom for the "hypochondriacal windiness" of the mission harmonium. As we turn over the pages of the books of the African missionaries, we see something oppressively scriptural in the serpent that leaps in the mangrove swamp; the crocodile basks like some Babylonian sinner, the tribal pots in the kraals are identified in our minds with the minatory fleshpots of Egypt; and the angular figures of the converts in their mission calico oppress us with reminders of the ugliness of the strait and narrow way. The darkness of Africa has come gradually to mean, for us, the missionary darkness, the pitch-pine gloom of noncomformity.

One must agree that such an impression is prejudiced. There is, when all is said, something touching and simple, a peculiar pathos in the lives of the missionaries. Their inadequacy is grotesque, but it is also heroic; it awakens a kind of tenderness for their condition. The sects were great energisers and their missionaries in Africa are among the greatest of the Victorian explorers. The discovery of the Americas is made more dramatic by the great illusions of Cathay and the North-West Passage; the African explorers have the less dramatic role of men who are painfully drawing back a curtain inch by inch. Once the curtain is drawn back, we easily forget them. They are individuals without armies. Yet Livingstone with his Bible is as gigantic a figure as Columbus with his dream, or Cortes and Pizarro with their swords. Mungo Park, Mackenzie, Caillé the Frenchman, all the explorers, missionaries or not, from Speke down to Winwoode Reade and Mary Kingsley, are remarkable solitaries, fit to be compared with any of the conquistadors or navigators and, furthermore, are innocent of their crimes.

The first complete edition of Robert Moffat's *Matabele Journals**, covering the second quarter of the 19th century, reopens this African epic as the Victorians saw it. The first volume is patiently annotated by Mr. J. P. R. Wallis and has just been published. Mary Kingsley thought that Moffat ranked with Livingstone and Mackenzie but, in a profession stocked with histrionic characters, the mild and self-effacing figure of Moffat stands apart. Moffat was Livingstone's father-in-law and, unlike the others, never gave up his duties with the London Missionary Society and never devoted himself to exploration for its own sake. Like them, he was a poor Scot. Unlike them, he lacked the imaginative and masochistic spirit which drove them fanatically on towards their great objects. Honourable, cautious, endlessly tenacious, more thoughtful of his family and more domesticated than Livingstone was, Moffat's aim was to be an influence rather than a legend. He set out to subdue the heart of Moselekatse, the bloody chieftain of the Matabele, and to wean him away from warfare and rapine. What we find in Moffat's journals is, first of all, the earliest picture of the condition of tribal life among the Matabele; and after that a quite extraordinary account of his peculiar personal relationship with the chieftain. Moffat's caution and self-effacement—which are defects in an explorer—procured the awe, the friendship, one might almost say the infatuation, of one of the bloodiest men in Africa; and one of the charms of this astonishing and even grotesque relationship is, as Mr. Wallis points out, that it bewildered the man who induced it.

Moffat was the first white man to see Moselekatse who had just led his warriors on a victorious campaign of burning and slaughter. Moffat travelled through a country of burned villages and enslaved and tortured people. Moselekatse ruled his own people by an able organised system of terror. All power was vested in him. He controlled the few marriages. He forced thousands of the women to remain virgins. He segregated his warriors from their wives when it occurred to him to do so. He could conceive of nothing but the absolute tyranny of the warrior state. The rise of the Matabele under Moselekatse is one of those dramas of power politics whose pattern is the same for the jungle as it is for civilisation:—

> In this way Moselekatse carried his conquests, in the first instance generally cultivating acquaintance and intercourse, then familiarity followed by haughtiness and overbearing conduct; then would follow temptation of cattle allowed to wander in the way of the natives, who also appear to have been easily duped. When such cattle were taken, or other offence given, Moselekatse considered himself the sufferer, with a right to retake his own and punish the aggressors. When any town or towns, like the Gibeonites of old, sued for his friendship and protection, he promptly acceded, immediately sent consuls with the professed object of assuring them of Moselekatse's friendship, and defending them and their property, but in reality to represent their sovereign and be spies on all their transactions. The result was that the warriors of the town were soon called to unite with those of their new ally, and very likely on their first return from the capture of cattle they would seize those of their unconscious assistants on the pretence that they would be safer under the care of Moselekatse. From thence would commence the vassalage of the whole body, whom Moselekatse endeavoured as soon as possible to amalgamate with his own people.

From the beginning Moffat seems to have made a profound impression upon the chieftain. Was he impressed by Moffat's courage, by his moral power, by his outspokenness? Moffat did not hesitate to rebuke the chief at once about the condition of the country, and always spoke his mind. Importunity will often do (Moffat reflects) what diplomacy and good nature fail to do. He went straight to the most difficult points of Christian doctrine, that is to say to matters which a Matabele would find incredible: the resurrection of the dead, and the redemption of the soul by the death of Christ. Moselekatse did not understand these doctrines; but he was deeply astonished and awed by them.

> "My heart is as white as milk," said Moselekatse, laying his hand on Moffat's shoulder. "I am still wondering at the love of a stranger who never saw me. You have loved me, you have fed me, you have protected me, you have carried me in your arms. I live to-day by a stranger of another nation."

The missionary was to be called his father. Moffat lectured the chief on the self-destructiveness and weakness of his warlike policy:—

> I told him though his cattle posts were numerous, they were lost in the extensive territory which had the appearance of a land that mourned, while the innumerable bones which lay scattered over the plains seemed to call to heaven for vengeance; that the country was overrun with lions who were so inured to gorge human flesh that his own people were frequently devoured. I next explained to him the nature and extent of divine government, a particular and a retributive providence, even among those like the Matabele, who knew not God.

Moselekatse occasionally protested that other tribes were to blame, but, on the whole, appeared to accept all Moffat's arguments. To please Moffat he performed small acts of mercy. But the relationship, on Moselekatse's side, was never that of pupil attentive to a teacher who overawed him. There was a peculiar quality of feeling, too.

There are five long visits to Moselekatse in the first volume of Moffat's Journal, and the last was made after a long interval of years when Moselekatse had aged and was dying of dropsy, and the fortunes of his tribe were declining. In each visit Moselekatse's devotion to Moffat grew greater. At one time the timid Moffat feared he was going to be kissed. The chief craved to be near him. (He especially liked getting into the missionary's comfortable bed in his waggon, and the anxious Moffat used to inspect it for lice afterwards.) What was the explanation of a craving and a friendship so unusual? Moffat's editor suggests that in Moffat the warrior saw "a man," fearless, honest, observant, capable, entirely possessed of himself. It is indeed doubtful whether the conventional notion of the white man as a god or a divine being played any part at all in the attraction. One's impression is that as a tyrant who held even his closest warriors by terror and duplicity, Moselekatse is an example of the isolated leader whose strength lies in his isolation, and whose heart longed not for a superior, but for an equal. He had built up a system of automatic flattery in his tribe. His speeches to them were a litany of rhetorical questions and eulogistic responses; and anyone who failed in them, who failed to guess what was in the chief's mind and frame his answer accordingly, was well on his way to being cudgelled or obscenely tortured. He lived among the continuous incantations of his own propaganda; perhaps it bored him, and Moffat, the stranger, alone could break this isolation. And once isolation was broken, it could never be endured again. Between Moffat's advice and the rapid aging of the chief, the worst horrors of Matabele life were softened. In the latter years of their friendship Moselekatse insisted on going with Moffat on one of his journeys, although it meant going to the edge of tsetse fly country. The corpulent and greasy old savage, as Moffat called him, with his diet of meat and native beer, lolled in Moffat's bed, fussed about the waggons, interfered with the encampments, giving enormous prestige but considerable embarrassment to the man of God. Fearful of leaving him, Moselekatse actually got up in the night before their last parting, to drive off Moffat's oxen so that the parting could be delayed. He wept when they at last said good-bye. The strange thing is that this relationship was carried on always through an interpreter.

Moffat has been reproached for being the narrow missionary who ignored wonderful opportunities for the recording of tribal custom and for making great geographical discoveries. He was too balanced, too moderate a character. He was too often shocked when he ought to have been curious. In his defence, it must be said that the habits of the Matabele needed some stomaching; and one would hardly need to be a missionary to get sick of their orgies and bored by their dances. But Moffat has the defect of the man with his mind made up in advance. All the same, though it is no better written than most missionary journals are, his record does give an intimate picture of Rhodesia and is very shrewd in its judgments on whites and Africans. One gets a clear impression of the conditions of travel and especially of the appalling labour and noise of big expeditions. On one of his journeys he took the Andrew Smith expedition to see Moselekatse, and they were kept awake night after night by the noise of handbells which were rung to frighten off the lions. When Moselekatse travelled with Moffat, the main evening noise was the interminable chatter of the chief's harem. The chief himself could not stand that. As Moffat noted, he had them well under his thumb.

A fresher and livelier writer of a slightly later period is the French-American traveller Paul B. du Chaillu. His *Exploration and Adventures in Equatorial Africa*† has been revived. It has not the solidity of Moffat and, though a godly, it is essentially a hunter's book. Chaillu became notorious for the discovery of the gorilla, and during a later journey to the West Coast he found one of the pygmy races. He was a notable zoologist. Chaillu had spent his youth on the West Coast, his father being a trader; he knew something of native languages; and he went off on his many trips, alone but for a few native bearers. He spent a horrible period with the Fans, who

* *Matabele Journals of Robert Moffat.* Vol. I, 1829–1860. Edited by J. P. R. WALLIS. *Chatto and Windus.* 30*s.*

† *Exploration and Adventures in Equatorial Africa.* By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. Edited by STANLEY JAST. *Werner Laurie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

were cannibals. In character he was a pious man, an intrepid hunter, a very firm handler of mutiny; he had ceaseless curiosity, encumbered himself with loads of slaughtered specimens, and altogether was a man of restless, intelligent energy. There are some charming accounts of attempts to tame the baby gorilla, and there is one farcical story in which this American traveller tried to introduce a touch of the gentility of New York life into the jungle. Chaillu had protested, but with resignation, against cannibalism, polygamy, heathenism; what he absolutely would not stand was the native manner of killing fleas by cracking them on the finger-nail.

> This disgusted me so that I remonstrated, and at last succeeded in reforming this one of his abuses. But no sooner had he given up the disgusting practice himself, than he at once forbade it to all his own subjects, and became a most zealous advocate of decency among our Bakalai friends.
>
> "Why do you crack your fleas before my white men, eh? Dirty fellow! Go away! You make my white man sick!" he used to cry out. And to-day when we had our interview with the up-river chief, Quengueza was equally zealous—though more polite—with him. But the old man replied: "Thus have I done all my life—it is now too late"; and gravely continued his massacre.

That is like an incident from Waterton's Wanderings. This particular edition of Chaillu reproduces the original illustrations of 1861, which have the glum, dramatic wooden charm of their period. Photography has killed the melodramatic episode, the Victorian action story, where the leopard is seen springing on the bull's neck, or the gorilla falls to the gun of the hunter standing stiffly to attention among the howling natives. It is a loss. To recapture the sensation of the opening up of Africa, the sensation of fear and wonder, we must glance through books like this or the old drawings of the *Times Illustrated*.

V. S. PRITCHETT

ECLIPSE

Eclipse. By ALAN MOOREHEAD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Water Under the Bridges. By SIR NEVILE HENDERSON. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Alan Moorehead has chosen for the dust-cover of his last volume of war commentary a romantic water-colour. A huge swastika flag—its colour dimmed to a Gothic crimson—droops across the floor of the *Rathhaus* from a broken wall. The war "ends not with a bang but a whimper." Reflecting on victory, the soldier feels a spiritual emptiness and can find magnificence only in the contemplation of physical destruction and in the memory of battle. Here is the summing up of the one thing which "stood against this depressive tide":

> The anti-aircraft gunner in a raid and the boy in a landing barge really did feel at moments that the thing they were doing was a clear and definite good, the best they could do. And at these moments there was a surpassing satisfaction, a sense of exactly and entirely fulfilling one's life, a sense even of purity, the confused adolescent dream of greatness come true. Not all the cynicisms, not all the ugliness and fatigue in the world will take that moment away.

Total war is a great leveller. It is strange to reflect how often I have read those sentiments in the letters taken from the pockets of dead German soldiers. In the exhaustion of 1945, victor and vanquished alike look backwards to the heroisms of campaigning; and re-read their Ernie Pyle when they seek for ennoblement.

Such reflections spring naturally to the mind after reading *Eclipse*. For Alan Moorehead, superbly sensitive to the moods of the soldiers with whom he has served, the Sicilian lull before the invasion of Italy was the last brief Indian Summer of mental calm. How brilliantly he recollects those lazy days in Taormina! Seen in retrospect they were the end of a spiritual epoch. The war in Africa had been a soldier's war, clean fighting, hard desert living, and no talk of liberation. Life developed a simplicity because of the utter remoteness of peace. Victories, when they came, were strictly military affairs, a matter of one army defeating another—not, as they were later to become, of one nation destroying another. Here was a single theme within the grasp of a writer, as *African Trilogy* had proved.

The war in Europe befogged this desert clarity of vision. When he came to write about it, Alan Moorehead found a strange gap, which he had never faced in Africa, between his personal apprehension and the grand strategy. This welter of mutual destruction transcended the framework of war-reporting and rendered personal experience trivial. As a conscientious artist, he was torn between a Churchillian detachment from individual suffering—war at the Cabinet level—and a record of personal experience which disintegrated into a meaningless jumble of emotions.

Eclipse is the outcome of this conflict. In his foreword, Alan Moorehead describes how he set out to write, not another war book, but a series of impressions which would convey the atmosphere of the German collapse.

> I found that I was falling betweeen two—or rather three stools. More and more I was forced to hang my story on the framework of the actual military events; all my ideas and impressions, all my atmospherics, could never make a pattern of themselves. The story itself was too big.

In those words the author has described why he has failed to write history and given us only an intensely readable book. The failure might have been less obvious had he decided to see the war constantly through Field Marshal Montgomery's eyes and so given the campaign a steady—if one-sided—perspective. He has done this in his treatment of the Battle of the Ardennes, which thereby gains in clarity, though it underrates the share of General Patton in the victory. But elsewhere the perspective shifts too violently and too erratically. Great events are telescoped and minor incidents enlarged, until the reader gets the feeling that a movie camera, suspended over Europe, is taking a series of brilliant but disconnected shots, sometimes in Shaef, sometimes at 21 A.G., and sometimes right up in the front line.

But always—and this makes *Eclipse* compulsory reading—there is the personality of the author to bring shape into the confusion. If that personality seems to disintegrate as victory approaches and to retain only the integrity of a melancholy dismay, the fault lies, not with Alan Moorehead, but with the times in which we live.

No one can accuse Sir Nevile Henderson of anything so modern as personal disintegration. To his death—he wrote these reminiscences in the last six months left to him by the ravages of a painful disease—he retained the brittle uncomplicated integrity of the Club man, whose ambitions are limited to success in his career and in Society. All his life he enjoyed unaffectedly the profession of diplomacy and the ceremonies attaching to it, the sports of hunting and fishing and the pleasures of "wine, women and song." He had no qualms about either his abilities or his social qualities. He never reflected or felt the need to reflect on the spirit of the age or on its discontents, accepting without question the categories of Edwardian England. He died convinced that neither he nor his country had anything to repent of, save an occasional lapse from the standards of his youth.

If *Water Under the Bridges* lacks candour, this is forgivable under the circumstances. "I never liked either Bolshevism or Nazism," wrote Sir Nevile, "though I could see good points in both. But of the two I infinitely prefer Bolshevism." Certainly Mr. Chamberlain did not have this surprising preference in mind, when he selected Sir Nevile for his mission to Berlin. He had more likely observed the devotion of the Ambassador at the Court of King Alexander to the royal dictator and his relish for strong-arm methods. Sir Nevile is unusually frank in describing his years in Belgrade, where he quarrelled violently both with the British correspondents, who tried to report on the activities of the Court and Stoyadinovitch, and with the Foreign Office who did not share his wholehearted enthusiasm for the King. The "independence" of his immediate superiors in London, which Sir Nevile then displayed, marked him out as the right man to carry out Mr. Chamberlain's policy in Berlin. Both he and the Prime Minister were convinced that they had been specially selected by Providence for this task and both of them regarded Collective Security as midsummer madness. On this subject, Sir Nevile writes:—"Coalitions are a snare and delusion and it is impossible ever to count on allies who do not speak the same language or share the same ideals as oneself. I felt this very strongly when I went to Berlin in 1937."

Water Under the Bridges does not add very much to *Failure of a Mission*. It confirms the picture of a vain and self-willed man, knowing nothing of the world outside diplomacy—he served almost continuously abroad from 1905 to 1939—and arrogantly unaware of his own limitations. Probably he was below the average ability of the Foreign Office, typifying only its defects, not its merits; but it is doubtful if his personality made as much difference in Berlin as he or his critics supposed. To that extent he has been unjustly attacked for defects which are attributable not to him, but to the Service which shaped his being. I hope the Foreign Secretary will find time to read the book.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

INTERNATIONAL LAW

International Law. Volume I. International Law as applied by International Courts and Tribunals. By GEORG SCHWARZENBERGER. *Stevens.* £3.

Dr. Schwarzenberger's treatise on international law is planned to fill three volumes; the first, now published, deals exclusively with international law as it has been applied by international courts and tribunals. The book, as the author says in his introduction, is primarily "a systematic survey of the practice of the Permanent Court of International Justice," but it is supplemented by frequent reference to decisions of the earlier Permanent Court of Arbitration and Special Arbitration Tribunals. The two following volumes will deal with international law as developed by British diplomatic practice, treaties of which Britain has been a signatory, and the Courts of the British Commonwealth and Empire.

The whole work promises to be of the very greatest value, for it should help to create a saner view of international law. In the period between the outbreak of the 1914 war and the beginning of Hitler's war belief in the reality or efficacy of international law dwindled almost to vanishing point. This was partly due to the fact that the law of international society was inevitably involved in the political anarchy, the political and moral disintegration, which destroyed the foundations of that society. But it was also in part due to the science and professors of international law. The law expounded by international lawyers was, for the most part, a curious mixture of the imaginary and the real, of what ought to be and what is. Theoretically the law was arrived at by induction from the practice of states. The difficulty was that the practice of states was so variable that rules universally, or nearly universally, accepted were hard to discover. Lawyers fell back therefore, as Dr. Schwarzenberger points out, either on the analysis of the practice of their own countries or on a kind of eclecticism which consisted in selecting examples of State practice which fitted into their own schemes of international law. The result was that the foundations of both the science and practice of international law were undermined simultaneously.

Dr. Schwarzenberger's approach is more

scientific and more realistic. In this book he is concerned with international law only as it has been interpreted and applied by international courts. Here at least is something concrete and objective, a law not deduced in the study by a professor, but actually applied by international tribunals to the settlement of disputes between sovereign States. The volume, range, and importance of this law are shown by a study of this book to be very considerable. Such a study also shows how silly and superficial is the common assertion that there is no such thing as international law or that it has only been accepted and applied to trivial interstate relations. This fallacy is usually put out as an argument against the feasibility of preventing war by international government and the pacific settlement of disputes. How, it is asked, can you expect sovereign States to accept such a procedure as the League's for the pacific settlement of disputes, since there is no such thing as international law and no method of making or enforcing it? The answer to this question is in these pages. The law has been applied by tribunals created by the sovereign States themselves; the decisions of those tribunals have in an overwhelming majority of cases been accepted and carried out by the sovereign States. The sources of the law have been laid down by the sovereign States and have been accepted by the tribunals as the sole sources for the law which it is their duty to apply in any particular case. It is true that the whole system of international law is still in an early stage of development; but the important point is that international society has already developed such a system, with the means of making the law which is to regulate international relations and of applying it and interpreting it in case of international disputes. If human beings continue to destroy themselves and their civilisation by war, it is not because international law does not exist or cannot be applied between sovereign States; it is simply that they are unwilling to insist that it shall always be applied.

The way in which the author has performed his task deserves high praise. The book is admirably arranged and documented; Dr. Schwarzenberger is always lucid and concise; his judgment is exceptionally sound and sensible. For teachers and students of international law the book will be very valuable, but anyone who is concerned with the wider field of international relations and institutions should read it.

LEONARD WOOLF

THE DESPISED AGE

Essays on the Eighteenth Century, presented to David Nichol Smith in honour of his seventieth birthday. *Clarendon Press.* 21s.

Few birthday tributes can have been more highly appreciated than this delightful volume, to which some score of British and American scholars have contributed each a literary essay in honour of the seventieth birthday of David Nichol Smith; and, as is specially appropriate in the case of such a lover of the eighteenth century, each essay is devoted to a particular aspect of that time, and each is original and touches on something new in a fashion which will please the Professor. Even Mr. Garrod, whose first essay was lost in the post, has contrived to substitute for it a short note on the composition of Gray's Elegy, in which he deals with Mason as Mason deserves. "Nobody likes him and nobody trusts him."

There is nothing, of course, in the book about the deplorable politics of the century, which we fancy possibly had some influence on the general opinion of its literature. The book, like Professor Nichol, is anxious we should not allow our just detestation of the corruption of Parliament to affect our view of the authors; and it does its work very successfully. Beginning with Addison and the *Spectator*, and ending with the Old Cumberland Beggar, and a severe, but not too severe, criticism of Matthew Arnold's depreciation of the period, it expresses its aim perhaps most directly and clearly in Mr. Renwick's "Notes on some Lesser Poets of the Eighteenth Century"—the age of Prose and Reason, with the recognition that prose and reason are two very good things. This essay we have much enjoyed; for to us, brought up primarily on Milton, and then on the Eighteenth Century, it is a pleasure to be recalled not only, as in the previous pages, to Swift, to Pope's "inspiration," and to various prose writers, but to Langhorne's Plutarch, to Fanny Burney's novels, and to these "Lesser Poets": to Philips's *Splendid Shilling*, Pomfret's *Choice*, Akenside's once popular *Pleasures of the Imagination*, or Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health*, over all of which we pored so earnestly in youth, and which now, in Bell's edition, repose undisturbed on our highest shelves.

As we said above, every essay, though it may deal with a writer well known, has something to add to our knowledge. Thus Swift's "conciseness," though often noticed before, Mr. Herbert Davis of Yale has made clearer to us all, and possibly even Professor Nichol Smith has learnt a little from him; and Mr. Sherburn of Harvard, in a charming article on Pope at work, is equally enlightening, especially if we follow it with Mr. Butt on Pope's Inspiration. These two papers are quite sufficient to destroy the superstition that Pope is a rhetorician but no poet; there is romanticism in him if one is only on the look out for it.

Similarly one might have fancied one knew Scott and Boswell tolerably well; but when one reads Mr. Pottle of Yale's comparison of their powers of recollection one will revise one's opinion.

But the book has something to say about the weaker brethren. Here, for instance, is Mr. Sutherland on Harwood, who, as is well known, translated the Bible with "spirit and elegance," and gave us "A gentleman of easy and almost opulent circumstances had two sons." Mr. Sutherland improves even on that with "Benevolence preserves a consistent decorum, is not enslaved to sordid interest, is not transported with furious passion, indulges no malevolent design." And there are other tiny things—tiny, but helping us to picture our writers more visibly. Thus Johnson's letters, with their "Dearest Miss Susan" and "Dearest Miss Sophy," like as they are to Chatham's letters to his daughters, have yet a something about them which marks the Doctor out from his contemporaries.

We must not omit to mention Sir Muirhead Bone's admirable portrait of Professor Nichol Smith. Rarely have we seen a portrait which brings out more visibly the character of the man.

E. E. KELLETT

A GENERAL ESCAPES

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sketching, metal-work. But their *chef d'œuvre*, of course, is the escape; singly and collectively it is a duty, as well as an overmastering passion, to escape. A premature attempt has made the enemy double guards and searches, multiply barbed wire, seal up every passage and cranny. That is the position, with all day and every day in which to think about it. Prisoners' move.

The generals at the Castello Vincigliata—made impregnable, it was said, by an eccentric Englishman who built himself this fortress in the hills—worked tirelessly to find the solution, which came at last by means of a service lift shaft and a deserted chapel. For seven months they tunnelled through rock under the chapel floor to a point midway between the sentry-boxes outside, with a system of bell-warnings to ensure secrecy, while upstairs one general (the sketcher) was busy forging passports, and others sewed workmen's suits and made dummy figures to take the place in bed of the escapers. They had a compass. They acquired maps. They collected rations and money. They learnt the times of the trains for Switzerland. They walked up and down stairs with heavy loads as training for the trudge over the mountains. And then, when the wet windy night came—in March, 1943—six of them got away exactly as planned, an operation in strange contrast to the blind movements of the battlefield. It is beautiful to read of. No bank robbery ever involved the difficulties or the skill shown here, and our sympathies, needless to say, as well as our admiration, attach to every step. The noise of chiselling in rock, that echoes up in the chapel and can almost be felt by the sentry pacing overhead, keeps one on edge for pages. And what luck finding in a gramophone catalogue photographs of exactly the right size for the passports! The generals went out into the world under the ægis of German and Italian tenors.

Only one of them—Brigadier James Hargest, the author of this narrative—safely made the journey through Switzerland, France and Spain, to England. He was killed a year later on active service. His book, quietly written, is as thrilling as such a book could well be, for its interest doesn't end with the escape or begin with incarceration. The account of the train journeys through Italy and France, for example, when it was a matter of coolness and luck whether he would be spotted, is perhaps the most exciting part of the book. And for the author, who tells us so little about himself and lives, not so much in emotions, as in a continuity of events, one feels unusual affection. He seems to possess all the likeable qualities of a soldier, including—though this isn't quite as he puts it—an outraged sense that *he* should have been captured at 4 p.m. in the desert.

G. W. STONIER

SYMBIOSIS

Trees and Toadstools. By M. C. RAYNER, D.Sc. *Faber.*

Although the symbiotic relationships between trees and toadstools, as well as if they are taken separately for subjects, can be treated in many volumes, Dr. Rayner has made her short survey extremely comprehensive and fascinating. This book begins where the merely gastronomical knowledge of fungi ends, and to those who would wish to know more than whether *Lactarius Deliciosus* is better served in a béchamel sauce or fried this is a "first reader" in an inexhaustible subject, of which the discovery of penicillin from the mould fungus *Penicillium Notatum* has probably been the high point of achievement up to the present time.

To most people the sporophores, or spore-bearing sections of fungi, being the only parts visible above ground, are alone of interest, but here it is primarily the underground hyphæ and rhizomorphs which are the subjects for investigation. The rhizomorphs (or "roots") of the tawny Honey Agaric, *Armillaria Mellea*, which is a deadly parasite to most trees, is, however, the only means by which a certain orchid can bloom. The tuber of this orchid has no roots, and is covered by a thick, corky outer shell, and it is only when the tuber happens to be pierced by the attacking rhizomorphs of *Armillaria Mellea*, thus establishing a contact with the outer earth, that the brownish flowers and leaves of the orchid shoot above the surface. The whole story of symbiosis between tree and toadstool is thus one of mutual help or attack.

Among the roots of every healthy tree are a maze of short thick rootlets, covered in a mantle of fungoid growth, through which the tree absorbs insoluble organic constituents of the humus, inaccessible to the ordinary roots. The sporophores of these fungoid growths below ground are the fungi we all see above ground and are the explanation of why certain fungi are found beneath certain species of trees, such as the red and white spotted *Amanita Muscaria* beneath birch and pine. It is this knowledge, of which fungus partner is necessary to which tree, that is so important in ecology and all forestry work and which makes Dr. Rayner's book both useful and interesting.

DEREK HILL

Prospects of the Industrial Areas of Great Britain. By M. P. FOGARTY. *Methuen.* 32*s.*

This admirable survey of our industrial structure is based on the Nuffield College Social Reconstruction Survey, carried out mainly by local investigators under the direction of Professor Cole. Mr. Fogarty has compiled the present volume from the mass of individual reports. Their main purpose was to estimate "what, in each area, would be most likely to happen after the war if economic affairs were left to the operation of private economic forces to much the same extent as between the wars." It is thus a discussion of the employment and trade prospects of British industry, with special emphasis placed upon the Depressed—or Development—Areas. The survey concludes that the imbalance of the prosperous and depressed districts is likely to remain in spite of war-time changes, the problems of the first arising mainly from excess unemployment, those of the latter from congested living and working conditions. Mr. Fogarty discusses at some length the questions of industrial location, availability and quality of labour, the effect of emigration and migration. This excellent book—which raises highly controversial issues of economic and planning policy—should be made available in every library. Although it is of first-class importance to the planner, industrialist or economist, it is also a citizen's book on which he can make informed and considered judgments on social policy.

Longman's Miscellany. *Longmans.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This is the English edition of—to quote from the blurb—"a collection of poetry, short stories, critical appreciations and pictures that is modern in its conception and outlook," first published in India two years ago. Although we are assured that, the contributions not being confined to one nation, "this work is widely different in subject matter and approach," a curiously provincial and sectarian atmosphere hangs over the pages which it is difficult to penetrate—possibly the reverse side of the effect of intellectual distance between the east and the west. The volume loses also on the grounds that for the most part the European section has been easternised and the Oriental westernised; the result is neither flesh nor fish. In addition, much of the writing is distinctly amateurish—an unforgivable fault in a volume that claims to be representative of "a host of artists—poets, prose-writers and painters" working in India

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BASIL BLACKWELL

READY SHORTLY
GOD AND THE ATOM
By Ronald Knox
The Atomic Bomb ushered man into a new world with a bang. In this new world he has to find his bearings. Politically and economically this must be left to the practical men, whose first dazed reaction is to go on talking as if nothing had been changed. Religion and morality must be more practical than that: for they are concerned with the meaning and conduct of life and until the next development of atomic energy ushers man out of this world altogether we need to know what life is about. Ronald Knox here makes a brilliant restatement of old principles in a world from which so many of the old signposts have vanished.
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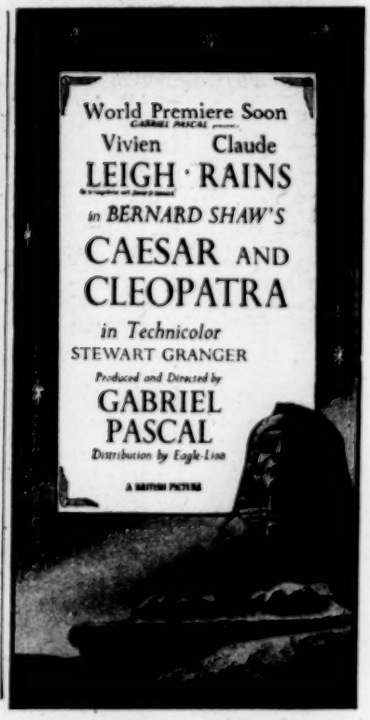

at the moment. The two best contributions are a detailed if somewhat naïve essay on the technique of T. S. Eliot by Itrat-Husein Zuberi and an impressionistic piece of reporting, "Prelude to Palestine," by H. M. Champness. There is a good idea somewhere about compiling this sort of anthology but in this case it hasn't quite come off.

Week-end Competitions

No. 824

Set by F. C. C.

I have a German friend married to an Englishman. At the beginning of the war she met an acquaintance whom she had last seen in Berlin and who now came up and greeted her. "Well, I never thought I should shake hands with a German again," she said. "And how have we been treating you?" My friend replied: "Up to this moment I have met with the greatest consideration." Readers are invited to submit other instances of authentic ambiguous snubs. Limit 100 words. Entries by Nov. 20th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 821

Set by Roger Marvell

Swift died on October 19, 1745. Competitors are invited to invent comments from him in not more than 150 words upon the progress of humanity since his death.

Report by Roger Marvell

To hang a child for stealing a handkerchief would be impossible to us, yet we burn to death thousands of children who have stolen nothing. How then can one guess whether Swift would have found us wickeder than his contemporaries? We are certainly wicked more openly and on a grander scale. Among the best entries are those from J. R. Till, L. G. Udall, S. P. B. Mais, M. Boulton, H. T. S. J. Taylor, and Robert Upcott. I recommend a guinea each to Allan M. Laing, Kenneth H. Kevis, and M. R. Dunnett, R. J. P. Hewison, N. P. Meadway, Constance Sewell.

GULLIVER OBTAINS A SECOND OPINION.

Being met with the King of Brobdingnag in the Land of Shades, I slyly suggested that the phenomenon of human progress must have caused him to revise his once low opinion of humanity. "Wherefore so?" he said. "You have increased in numbers, as vermin will; and in cunning, so that you have uncovered powers for good and evil ludicrously beyond your contemptible capacities to control. Your hottest zeal, now as then, is in destroying. Your highest achievement is to shatter, in a moment, what has strained your puny powers of construction over centuries. In short, your vaunted progress stretches from gunpowder to the atomic bomb. For my part, I am happy to think that the Creator still indulges you to the top of your bent, and that presently you will, by your own destructive genius, cleanse the shuddering earth of a loathsome, crawling pestilence, which has long sickened God and His angels."

ALLAN M. LAING

I had no sooner arrived on my second visit to the Houyhnhnms than my master desired I would tell him, "what progress our Yahoos had made since my former account of their condition?"

Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the vastly increased understanding we had obtained in all our activities.

"It is evident then," said he, "that the present state of the Yahoos must be reckoned infinitely desirable, since, by the exercise of such knowledge, disease, poverty, and those evils attendant upon superstition and ignorance must infallibly have disappeared from their midst."

I was able to assure his honour, "that after only one more war, which by the extraordinary convenience of present methods should eliminate all the remaining Yahoos, this most fortunate condition would almost certainly be attained."

KENNETH H. KEVIS

But it is certain that of all their excellent Arts this Possession of being well deceived is the most curious . . . And if in their Pleasure Houses Imagination excels over History, so in their Hospitals does Art outstrip Nature. For inasmuch as these People, by means of their weapons and curious Engines, delight in battering, disembowelling, destroying and mutilating themselves and one another, so they excel in building unto themselves false Limbs, Eyes, Noses, Lungs and other Members in place of those they have destroyed. One day I saw a Man who wore the face of his Neighbour and ('twas said) the Entrails of an Enemy. Their Teeth, which rot early away, by reason of their rancid Diet, are replaced by others wrought of Porcelain and pure Gold. And they boast that few among them carry the Bodies their Mothers bore them, so wonderful are the Discoveries of their ingenious Doctors.

M. R. DUNNETT

Extract from THE AGE ATOMIZ'D. A fragment lately discovered, etc.

The monstrousest Lye fathered by the Devil is, that Man ever goes forward or (as 'tis cantingly put) progresses. And the Devil of it is, 'tis half-truth, for *porcorum more Gadaræorum* the Creature doth progress in every Article of Nastiness and Folly ever swiftlier to his Destruction. Let none admire, unless the *Serpent* himself that first seduced Man to barter Innocence for Knowledge; seeing how the Tempted hath refined upon the gifts of the Tempter, till his Arts have picked such a damn'd *Pandora's Box* as Evils now buzz about his long ears like Horseflies on a summer's day.

The which (I may without vanity affirm) I foresaw, *testibus* certain ingenious Works wherein you shall find deduced, digested, prefigured and prognosticated all that these modern days . . . *desunt nonnulla* . . . whether flying Islands, wars over maggots, tyrannical Princes, tumultuous Mobs, Nonsense canonized, true Learning spit on . . . *hiatus* . . . curs snarling over bones . . . *cætera desunt*.

R. J. P. HEWISON

SWIFT ON PROGRESS.

As to Progress—their Privies compel my Admiration: and the Means whereby they travel from one Odious City to Another afford Proof of their Ingenuity in the Mechanick Arts.

They are able to transmit around the Globe in a few Seconds Thoughts which had better far been unuttered.

Their Laws are more notable for their Number than for their Equity, and their Politicks have changed but little; except that Villainy and Hypocrisy are now as much Vaunted as Justice.

Religion they have all but lost, albeit there are not lacking High Priests whose Religions are Power, Idolatry, Hatred, and Chicanery, who are Worshipped by the Multitude.

The Common Men are not now completely Unlettered, which renders them the more Depraved. Happily, their Talent for Self-Destruction is greater than their Fertility, and this Sordid Episode fast approaches its Close.

N. P. MEADWAY

Presto, you can travel to the Antipodes in an hour? And what manner of pleasure will you have there? You can blow away a city with a ball? Pray, how will you mend it? You have a project for extracting food from straw? Faith, will that be a greater perfection than fine roast teal with good wine?

Your buildings appear in such a manner of shapes I am sure no other age will desire to borrow them; nor your comforts, which supply the want of taste formerly looked for in the houses of persons of quality.

The politeness and civility of an age is best computed by the eloquence of its language. Your wits commend all that is noble as "a good show," all calamity, be it the fall of a city or the shut door of an inn is "the bottom," and of that they take "a live view."

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Personal

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Personal—continued

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DOUGLAS Glass is now photographing abroad. His new studio will be opening in the autumn. Watch this column.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends House Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

INTERNATIONAL Press-Cutting Bureau now able to accept a few more orders for supply of cuttings. All engs. to Internat. Press-Cutting Bureau, Guildhall Chambers, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2.

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